F O R U M
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# We Appeal to the Manufacturers

## *Editorial Foreword*

THE FIRST OBJECT of the New Deal is to see that there is restored to every citizen the opportunity to earn a decent living. To that end the Administration, through trial and error, blunder and success is assisting the States and private citizens with all the earnestness and wisdom it can muster. Unemployment receded from a peak of 15,000,000 in March, 1933, to 11,000,000 last September. That is progress, but the condition is still bad enough; 5,000,000 seeking work should be a maximum for healthy economic conditions.

When things seemed to be making headway early this winter an appeal was made to the American public in one of the most bewildering documents that has appeared since the beginning of the depression. The National Association of Manufacturers, a cross section of 1,500 of the most honest, earnest, and responsible leaders of our economic life, issued a platform which recommended the elimination of government regulation and a return to free initiative in business. Government, according to this document, is interfering with rather than helping the return of the country to prosperity:

> This revival is being prevented by a persistent departure from the principles of social and economic organization on which American progress, prosperity, and civilization have been built. The American system, rooted deeply in the struggles and sacrifices of the past, based on the realities of human nature and the accumulated experience of centuries, embraces the following characteristics.

### "INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE"

THE PLATFORM then enumerates the rights of individual liberty guaranteed by the Constitution.

> Individual initiative and effort are encouraged by insuring the maximum freedom for the individual consistent with the freedom and rights of all the others.

This is a statement which most Americans, whatever their political or economic bias, will applaud. It is when the Manufacturers set up their doctrine of free-for-all as the American System over against the New Deal that we begin to wonder, and we question still more their position when we read,

> The obstruction of recovery and the continuance of nationwide distress are due to policies that have destroyed the guarantees on which American business depends . . . have attempted to substitute government enterprise for the free enterprise of pri-



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vate citizens, and finally have undertaken to alter or reorganize the American system.

We praise to the limit the call of our manufacturers to vigorous private initiative. That is indeed an "American" policy. But we are dismayed to find that they deplore all that the federal government has done, since March, 1933, to make that initiative function without suicidal results. Stripped of its beautiful language, the Manufacturers' report asks for nothing but a return to the frenzied days of 1928 and 1929 and to the despairing weeks of 1931 and 1932. There is no word in their philosophy of conduct to prevent the reclosing of our banks as tightly as they were shut on March 2, 1933. Under these conditions their use of the splendid word "initiative," even without the adjective "rugged," carries a too sinister memory of the agonized exhortations to courage of the year of debacle, 1930. Noble as are its sentiments, the Manufacturers' platform offers too little that is practical or constructive.

We have a right to expect better of the Manufacturers and we believe that they will give us better. In their private lives they are men of courage and integrity and — together with our farm leaders — the backbone of the nation. At a recent public dinner a speaker pointed out that our manufacturers were not responsible for the depression. Their function is production, and they had produced beyond the dreams of any previous age in the world's history since the pyramids and the Herculean slave works of ancient Egypt. The debacle of 1929 was due to the backwardness of our social sciences, which had failed to adjust human relations to production. It is hardly fair to expect the manufacturer to be a social scientist. His function is to produce efficiently. Despite his humane feelings he must perforce install the newest laborsaving machinery. The manufacturer's duty as producer is to employ as few, not as many, workmen as possible.

Yet the new technology is forcing the manufacturer to be a social human being as well as an individualist. He need not become an expert social scientist but, to succeed in this crowding machine age, he must become more and more aware of the consumer of his products as well as of the standard of living of his employees. Mr. Kent has so indicated in THE FORUM, and Mr. Sloan, in a recent address, has shown that social conscience is now required for sustained success in business. To survive as an individualist the manufacturer must work in a plane of co-operation with the government as well as the community.

American business has built up the most efficient structure in the world, but unfortunately it is largely an efficiency of technique. True efficiency is something more than that. It has its roots in the eternal values; it adheres to those principles of fair dealing, justice, strict integrity, and regard for the other fellow's rights as well as your own which inspired the American Constitution. THE FORUM has faith in American business at its best. We believe that a system which has produced such miracles of invention and organization is too intelligent to be incapable of solving the social problems that now confront us. We believe that, if it will, business can do this with less expense to the people than can government. In due humility, therefore, I offer the following plank as a substitute for the recent platform of the National Association of Manufacturers.

### PROPOSED MANUFACTURERS' PROPOSAL

TO THE PRESIDENT *and Congress of the United States:*

*Believing in personal initiative as the basis of the American System, we 1,500 manufacturers, representing 15,000,000 persons now gainfully employed, offer individually and collectively to relieve the federal government by employing an additional 5,000,000 persons now unemployed. For every 3 persons whom we now employ we will find occupation for 1 other. As the success of our businesses depends on efficient personnel and the introduction of laborsaving devices, we do not guarantee to set all these 5,000,000 to work in manufacturing. Many of them we shall employ in the medical, health, amusement, laboratory, and other so-called social services connected with our factories. We believe that in the end this will be no burden to us, as the higher standards of living demanded by our employees will stimulate their consuming power and increase production.*

The proposal outlined above is by no means Utopian. In due time the intelligent manufacturers of America will offer the public something far more sound and constructive.

Henry Goddard Leach



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# Our Rostrum

## *What Readers Write to the Editor*

THE HAUPTMANN APPEAL

*As this issue goes to press, the New Jersey Court of Pardons has not yet rendered a decision on Bruno Richard Hauptmann's appeal for clemency. By the date of publication, if the Court has not directed a stay, Hauptmann will have been executed. Meanwhile, Richard A. Knight's article, "Trial by Fury," from our January issue, attacking the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals for upholding the original verdict, has evoked a flood of comment, some of which is reprinted below.*

To the Editor:

In "Trial by Fury" you have presented your readers with as perfect a piece of legal casuistry and sidestepping as I have seen in a long time. To Mr. Knight the letter of the law is the all-important thing. The *sine qua non* of this miserable crime is the setting up of a legal precedent. The child's murder is merely an annoying incident in the sordid kidnaping.

For using a little horse sense rather than the reasonable rationalization, the jury is branded a bunch of oafs and zanies. Incidentally this jury was composed of the average American man and woman. Mr. Knight makes no allusions, however, to the reasonable proprietors of the press who outdid themselves in making a Roman spectacle of this disgraceful episode in American crime. Of course Mr. Knight is outraged because he feels his attitude the reasonable one.

As a physician, I wish to inform the sagacious Mr. Knight that in his deductions he is far from being a Holmes (I mean Sherlock). An infant's skull as a rule does not crack up like an egg when hit by a blunt instrument. Nor do the cranial contents ooze out when the skull is fractured. The skull bones are soft and more pliable than the adult's. The impact of the blow is transmitted to the semifluid cerebral tissue, causing microscopic and gross hemorrhages and lacerations. Furthermore I refer Mr. Knight to a large city morgue to view the daily depredations of the automobile. He will see many adult dead from fractured skulls without any visible marks of violence.

If Mr. Knight is genuinely concerned with social justice there is far better game in the industrial and economic woods than in the isolated hamlets of New Jersey.

DR. GEORGE S. MEISTER

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

To the Editor:

In my opinion, Mr. Knight's Hauptmann article in the January FORUM is ill timed, cheap in tone, and gratuitous. His sneers at the jury, at Colonel Lindbergh, at the State's Attorney are some of its highlights.

H. A. HAWTHORNE

*The House-Wife*
*Redding, Conn.*

To the Editor:

. . . Mr. Knight's whole line of argument is the unmistakable product of an exclusively legal type of mind — of a lawyer to whom the letter of the law is *all*. It is that very type of mind which has laid our court procedure open to such sharp and well-deserved criticism. At a time when the ablest critics of our legal system are crying out ever more loudly against the shameful technicalities which permit known gangsters, extortionists, murderers, and all the rest of the sorry calendar of crime to go free, I submit that it was a salutary achievement to convict Hauptmann, even though, as the prosecution at Flemington so aptly put it, he did not invite witnesses to "sit at the foot of the ladder" to see what happened.

All too frequently we see trials which evidence deep concern over almost anything but the really vital question of whether or not the accused is guilty. Does the court have jurisdiction? Was the crime committeed on this or that side of the State line? Can extradition be prevented? Was the damaging evidence legally obtained? Did the officer have a warrant? And so on ad infinitum et nauseam!

Hauptmann was overwhelmed by a vast mass of evidence, the like of which in thoroughness and damning certainty is seldom seen. No



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sane mind doubts that he was inextricably tangled up in the whole miserable business. And in the course of it the child was killed. What, under God, is that but murder? And I, for one, am very glad the New Jersey law calls it that.

But Mr. Knight would have us call it something else simply because we cannot define or visualize the exact circumstances of its happening. Presumably he would base the man's guilt or innocence on whether the child actually breathed its last a foot or so to one side or the other of the Lindbergh's property line. Quibbling, technicalities, more mud on the skirts of Justice!

. . . And would our general social security, about which Mr. Knight professes to be so much concerned, be any better served by proving Hauptmann innocent of murder by virtue of any such whimsical circumstance as that? . . .

The answer seems obvious to me, and I am not at all surprised that it appears to have seemed equally obvious to the jury and to the Court of Errors and Appeals. . . .

RUSSELL H. LINDSAY

*Summit, N. J.*

To the Editor:

In your January number, page 10, one Knight in the second column raves on that no reasonable man can believe that head injury to a baby can occur as he postulates. . . .

It just so happens that a baby's skull (unlike the adult) is a gristly, fibrous vault easily dented or crushed.

I happen to be a surgeon, of long experience.

I don't know everything about the Lindbergh baby but I resent distortion of evidence. . . .

DR. FREDERIC J. COTTON

*St. Botolph Club*
*Boston, Mass.*

To the Editor:

. . . I realize it is quite the unpopular thing to say but I quite agree with Mr. Knight that murder has not been proved against Hauptmann. . . .

It seems to me that this case will continue to plague the courts and us for years to come, much as the California Mooney case has done, *whatever* is done. . . . A crime was committed. There is no question about that. But modern civilized peoples do not demand an eye for an eye. . . .

It would seem that the ends of justice would be served better if the proper authorities . . . granted sufficient clemency to insure life imprisonment.

As Americans let us not stand for lynchings; even, or much less, "judicial" lynchings.

MAXWELL KENDALL

*De Land, Fla.*

To the Editor:

. . . I, as one of that common herd which Mr. Knight so fondly refers to as gum chewers in the subway, feel that Hauptmann committed the murder of the Lindbergh baby or knows who did. If he is innocent, he can save his neck by telling what he knows.

It seems to me that one of the greatest menaces we have today is our flock of SOB-SISTER ATTORNEYS who seek to cause us to lose confidence in our fundamental institutions while they slobber over men like Hauptmann.

E. H. MILES, *General Agent*
*The Old Line Life Insurance Company of America*
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

To the Editor:

. . . Hauptmann has been tried by a social jury consisting of the entire American populace. We followed the evidence and we realize that he did not — could not — commit the crime single-handed. Nevertheless we found him guilty and we all feel that kidnaping must be stopped. We believe that the person (or persons) who steals a child deserves full punishment if the child be not returned alive, whether the death as a result of this stealing occurs on the premises or a hundred miles away. To condone with Hauptmann is to make unsafe the American home and is a more deadly blow at the foundations of our civilization than is this infringement upon the sanctity of legal quibbling. It would seem to me much more commendable for Mr. Richard A. Knight to direct his energy towards the discovery of Hauptmann's accomplices. . . .

RUTH A. BABCOCK

*Women's University Club*
*New York, N. Y.*



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# What Religion Means to Me

*Block prints by Lowell Balcom*

**by NILLA CRAM COOK**

When I was four years old I went to California from the Mississippi banks where I was born and lived by the ocean near Los Angeles. My earliest memories are of dancing in the foam on the beach and holding out my arms to the sunset clouds where I thought I saw the temples of India. The *Jungle Books* had been read to me, and pieces of oriental furniture in our Iowa house stood out as things that belonged especially to me. But the temples I saw beyond the Pacific had not been described to me by anyone, and I told no one what I saw, only danced by the waves and held out my arms to the horizon. Nothing could have persuaded me that I had just come into the world or that there had ever been a time the temples I saw in the clouds had not been there. That they vanished during the day and were visible for only a few moments did not surprise me. I started to study music when I was five and compared the silent keys of the piano with the empty sky. India was visible as the sun approached it the way music is heard when the fingers reach for the keys.

When I was six my grandmother took me to one of California's mountain observatories to look at the stars through a telescope. I was much impressed with the rings around Saturn and the glow and size of the moon. If worlds were seen as specks of light and songs as specks of ink on paper, the stars in their marvelous arrangements were certainly an alphabet no one knew how to read. The telescope proved that there were invisible realities in the distance and that I had not been wrong to see the domes and towers of Indian temples just because India was far away.

Shortly after the look through the telescope I saw a dramatization of Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* in the Los Angeles hills at night. It was a production of the Theosophical Society, and my father's mother, although she did not belong to the Society and kept her faith to herself, believed in reincarnation and had books of Eastern philosophy in the library of her house on the Mississippi. The stage on which the vision of Buddha was presented was in the out-of-doors beneath the stars, and it was like a glimpse through another telescope to the interior of the temples I had seen. Buddha was on a lotus throne above a dance of drums and fire, and it seemed to me that the temples, the music, the dance, and the flowers, mineral and animal and all forms of visible beauty, were there to merge the routine of the days with an immense Design.

When I was seven, living on the wooded gorge between North and South Pasadena in Los Angeles, the little girl across the street asked me if I were a Christian.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why, a person who believes in Christ!"

"And what is Christ?"

There was a terrific scandal. It was a neighborhood of Free Methodists, Seventh Day Adventists, and Holy Rollers. The Holy Rollers rolled down a hill on the opposite bank of the Arroyo Seco, and the Free Methodists held



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revival meetings in a barn across the bridge. The Seventh Day Adventists had informed us that the world was coming to an end, and I hid with my little brother in a pipe in the cellar when we heard that the Germans were coming. But we had never been allowed by our free-thinking parents to go to church or Sunday school, and the freethinking friends of my mother burst into hilarious laughter when I shyly admitted that I had gone to the Methodist Sunday School with the little girl across the street.

"Open the door," they sang there, and it seemed to me that the door was in all directions. They said to ask for what you wanted in a prayer at bedtime, and I asked to see the horizon open and the worlds without a telescope. Awake in the middle of the night, it would seem that the walls melted away or that the horizon drew into them and penetrated them as a white light. That Christ can walk through walls was one of the things I was told at Sunday school, and, as I would try to visualize Him coming through the walls, His white robes would become the circle of the horizon and enclose me and reach endlessly outward. My five-year-old brother had a theory that God is blue and fills the sky. I agreed that this is true in the daytime but that at night God is a white light shining in the darkness.

## II

When I was nine years old, my mother was principal of a boys' school built by Prince Hopkins, a California millionaire with Utopian dreams about schools. Most of the students paid no tuition, as Prince Hopkins preferred intelligent boys to rich ones and paid their expenses himself. The building of Boyland, which is now the Samarkand Hotel, was the design of a white Persian palace in the hills above Santa Barbara. There were museums in it and swimming pools, science laboratories and a giant concrete map of the world over several acres, where we scampered across continents and swam in oceans. But what I liked best were the statues of Buddha Prince Hopkins had brought from Asia and placed over pools of water lilies. I made wreaths of flowers and threw them around a marble Buddha, which made me the adored pet of the Chinese and Japanese Buddhist servants.

My mother and Prince Hopkins believed that children should not be forced to go to classes if they did not want to or to learn anything that did not interest them. Madame Montessori visited the school and set her seal of approval upon my mother's methods, and I was allowed to study nothing but music and astronomy and to ride a horse all day over the State highways and listen to Prince Hopkins read *The Arabian Nights* in the evening. I would ask him over and over again why the Caliph was called Commander of the Faithful. He had been in Bagdad and India and China and did not mind describing his travels to a nine-year-old or explaining about the Caliph over and over again. He read about the valor of the Arabs and their horses, and I galloped over the hills of Santa Barbara pretending they were the mountains above Mecca. Allah was valor, loyalty, and love, Buddha serenity above a dance of drums and fire, and Christ the light that shines in the infinite darkness. The three were the names of a mighty mystery at the threshold of the infinite, and the only knowledge that seemed to me worth pursuing was knowledge that led to them. But they were everywhere, and the design of a bird's wing or an onion skin under a microscope or a honeycomb or a snowdrop or the derivations of English from Latin were the rhythm of their design.

When I was twelve I was sent to a prim and proper girls' boarding school near Chicago, where, despite or perhaps because of the wild freedom of Boyland, I made a sensational record with high-school lessons. The radiation of English from Latin struck me with the wonder and delight with which I saw the oblique rays of the sunrise when I went out for a game of tennis before breakfast, and when not engaged in outdoor games I spent my time making charts of Latin verbs and marveling at the workings of algebra and geometry. I was thrilled and fascinated to find harmony and design in language as well as in space and the seeds of symmetry and music and the laws of growth and organic structure in mathematics. It was incredible that the sermons we heard on Sunday were called religion and mathematics and language merely knowledge. The gloom cast upon me by Protestant pastors was a form of death, and mathematics and science the pure and manifest language of infinite and ecstatic life. I therefore started an atheist



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campaign which got me expelled from school and sniffed somewhat angrily when Professor Charles Beard, whose children I visited in Connecticut one summer, told me I would someday discover that my atheism was profound religion.

When scandalized Guardians at a Camp Fire Girls' camp in Michigan asked me what I believed in, if I did not believe in Jehovah, I would say, "In Camp Fire." Catholics, Jews, and all the abominations of Protestant pastors were assembled at the camp, and the American Indian ritual of the Camp Fire included them all. The Law of the Fire was to Seek Beauty, Pursue Knowledge, Hold on to Health, Be Trustworthy, Glorify Work, Give Service, and Be Happy. The Law was repeated around the three Fires of Work, Health, and Love in the woods on the shore of Lake Michigan, and I took my Wood Gatherer's rank there and chose the ceremonial Indian name of Akanta, which means Lightning. The forest, the seasons, the lore of the woods and earth and animals were a part of the Camp Fire ritual, and each bead on the ceremonial gown represented an honor won in music, crafts, athletics, or some kind of work or study.

Under the regime, in which we were congenital sinners, with adults posted to spy on us and Jehovah spying from above, it was a feat of cleverness to outwit the spies, but no one spied at camp, and honors won unfairly would have deprived other hard-earned honors of their value. Whoever had won the Camp Honor for following the rules was asked to rise at the weekly ceremonial, and a girl who had whispered after taps or eaten candy between meals would not have risen for anything, even though no one else knew anything about it. Fear of Jehovah was a negative reason for doing or not doing things, but Camp Fire had creative reasons, so closely in harmony with nature that truth-speaking seemed part of the divine law of the woods and earth. It was as though the unfinished life of the Indians had gone on and the essence of their earth and spirit knowledge been handed down to young America.

Dividing the year between divorced parents at opposite sides of the Continent, I had crossed it about twelve times by the time I was thirteen years old, and Camp Fire impressed me as a religion worthy of the bigness of America. I knew the two oceans and the great rivers, the mountains and prairies and forests from the spruce of Vancouver Island to the tanglewood of Cape Cod. The grandeur of the Continent could be matched only by the promise of a religion that would include all religions, all prophets and bibles and the peoples they have sprung from, without calling one more or less true or authoritative than another. I was sure that this was the true and ultimate destiny of America as I traveled from the Golden Gate to the Provincetown harbor and vowed in the Michigan woods to follow the Law of the Fire.

## III

When I was fourteen I went to Greece with my stepmother, Susan Glaspell, to join my father, who had abandoned his theater, the Provincetown Players, and talked of starting a Greek theater in Delphi. We met him in Sicily, and he felt himself disgraced in the Cathedral of Palermo when I could not read the medieval Latin on the walls. He himself was a philologist from Harvard, Heidelberg, and Geneva and knew half a dozen modern languages as well as Latin and ancient and modern Greek. We crossed Italy, and as soon as we arrived in Corfu he taught me the Greek alphabet and began to make charts of Greek verbs, ostensibly for my instruction but primarily for his own entertainment. After a certain amount of wine, he would begin to write poems on the law of the transmigration of vowels and consonants from Sanscrit to the Indo-European languages and he had an enormously appreciative audience in me. I would dance up and down for joy when he showed me Sanscrit words in the ancient Greek dictionary and I spent the summer on Parnassus astounding the tutor who camped with us in the forest with my progress in ancient and modern Greek.

When lessons were over I would roam over the mountains alone or with a shepherd boy who showed me the secret springs and high places from where the sea is visible and how to jump over the rocks like a mountain goat. They used to hear my laughter from all the surrounding peaks, and at weddings and saints' days and baptismal celebrations I would outdance everyone in the squares of the Parnassus villages. The mad joy of knowing that I was one with an infinite life made it impossible for me to feel any grief when my father died. Why they put on black and mourned for death I



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could not understand. I believed the myth of Dionysus, that death is a liberation to the Infinite, in which the spirit becomes Dionysian, divine, and returns regenerated. But it was a secret knowledge, which I did not dare express at that time and realized fully only when my mother died, five years later.

I was back in Greece again, married to a Greek poet and preparing to dance in the production of *Prometheus Bound* for which people from all Europe came to the Delphic Festival. I was very much devoted to my mother, and she was just past forty when she died, but I wove a robe of crimson and gold on my loom for her death, and Athenian society was shocked.

My husband tried to appease them by translating Whitman's hymn to death from *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, to explain to them how I felt, but he was the only one who understood that the more deeply I felt or loved the more certain I was of a Universal Ecstasy deeper than doubts or pain. I could not feel sorry for anything that returned to that Ecstasy, which a world of invented fears shuts out but which I was sure was the source from which matter and forms emerge and to which they must return. Consciousness of the ocean of life became more exultant when my mother, who was a drop of it I had loved, returned. Water is solid when it becomes ice but the same water becomes invisible moisture when the form of the ice melts. It was the water itself I loved, and the forms merely as its passing play. Nor did I believe that one is born *of* parents, but only *through* them, as plants are born through the earth but not from it. They are born from their own seed, and I felt that the seed of me was ancient, that India and the Himalayas and worlds before this one had given birth to me.

The five years that I was married in Greece I collected Indian books from wherever in Europe I could find them and studied Greek and Sanscrit philology and literature late into the nights. I spent a season in the Alps and on the French Riviera with my husband and baby, but cases of Sanscrit books and dictionaries went everywhere with me, and I finally broke away from the social entanglements that go with marriage and life in the city and returned to Parnassus.

I had a house with a loom and library in Delphi and wandered over the mountains above it, sleeping on the ground in a shepherd's cape and eating brown bread and cheese and goat's milk at the folds of the sheep. Dionysus had been a wanderer, Lord of the Wood and Ivy, the flowering, the fruitful, youth, strength, and valor, the genius of nature and inspiration of Eros. I called his names to the thyme-perfumed earth and intoxicated myself on my own vitality. I never drank wine and abhorred tobacco and coffee and all the things that are supposed to stimulate externally. They impressed me as being props for old age and substitutes for the divine madness which turned any pain the world might throw on me into ecstasy.

## IV

In the Sanscrit books the immortality-giving drink is called Soma because it is associated symbolically with soma, the moon. The light of the moon is reflected from the sun, and the soul-intoxicating drink is divine vitality reflected in the body. The Vedas say that Soma lives in the mountains but that its true origin is in heaven. It is the milk of heaven born as Lord of the Wood. It has medicinal powers, heals whatever is sick, makes the blind see and the lame walk, and stimulates the voice as the Lord of Speech. It awakens thought, generates hymns, is a leader of poets, a seer among priests, the drop that grows in the waters, brilliant and youthful, shining without fuel in the waters which surround and nourish it. It is clothed in lightning, golden in form, invoked as fire, the lightning form of fire in the cloud, the bright divinity, holy, eternal, who has seized the brightness in the depth of the ocean. In Greek the word soma means body, because to the Greeks the body was the drink; and communion with the Soma Christou, the body of Christ, remains in the Greek liturgy from the mysteries of Dionysus.

India has taken its name from Soma because Indu is another name of the moon. The Indus River is the River of the Moon, and Hindustan the Land of the Moon, or of the divine drink, and the Hindus are drinkers of Indu.

When I at last set out for India I went directly to the Himalayan home of Soma, the Vale of Kashmir, and lived in a houseboat on a river the Kashmirians call the Royal Umbrella of Nila. Nila was another name of the Indus, the Sanscrit word for blue. Nila Naga was the Serpent of Eternity and guardian of Kashmir,



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the Spirit of the Infinite and Eternal Blue. The main stream of the Indus is sacred to Nila, but the source of the Jhelum, which rises in Kashmir, is his royal umbrella. It is a circular pool in a mountainside, from which a stream gushes through the central channel of a garden, as though the pool were a round umbrella and the stream its stick. I made pilgrimages to the sources or valleys of all the sacred rivers of Kashmir and went to festivals in temples and groves and forests. It delighted and overwhelmed me to find the philosophy and conceptions of the Vedas laid out in the names of rivers and shrines and in temple ritual.

It was difficult for priests to whom I spoke in Sanscrit to believe that I had just come to India. The people took my Greek sandals and the robes I had woven in Greece for Indian sandals and saris and insisted that I was in all respects a Hindu. The Maharaja's court gave me facilities for visiting all corners of the beautiful Vale and found me a Brahman master of oriental languages to assist me in the study of Kashmirian literature and to teach me to read and write Hindu. At the end of the summer the priests of the Sanatan Dharma, as orthodox Hinduism is called, the Religion of Truth, met and decided that I should be "reclaimed" as a Hindu. The Sanatan Dharma is allowed under no circumstances to convert anyone to Hinduism or to recognize conversions or marriages performed by the Arya Samaj, an unorthodox branch which calls itself Reformed Hinduism and takes in converts. But a born Hindu who has left orthodoxy and returned can be reclaimed, and the Brahmans of Kashmir called a meeting of the people to explain that it did not matter *when* a Hindu had left. It might have been thousands of years before, in a previous existence, and the people consented, with showers of marigolds and saffron petals, to the plan to reclaim me.

I had been named Nilla by the Mississippi, and they gave me the name of Nila Nagini Devi, Goddess of the Eternal Blue, after Nila Naga. Devi, which means goddess, is attached to the names of all Hindu women as the equivalent of "Mrs." Nila is Ananta, Eternity, and as the Brahmans lighted the three fires of the Vedic sacrifice, to name me, I told them that I had been named Akanta by the Fires of Work, Health, and Love nine years before. They were amazed and delighted. In Kashmir poetry Nila is clothed in lightning, and the Law of the Fire and whatever they heard of Camp Fire they called pure Vedic Hinduism. On the certificate they gave me to admit me to orthodox Hindu temples in India they indicated my caste in letters of gold as American Aryan.

"The reason we have never proselytized," they said when they had named me, "is that all religions are faces of the same truth, and to take a man from one religion to another is to deny it. But we have taken you because you bring us all religions and because your adoration of God as all-pervading has the ecstasy of youth. True religion is the bhakti of youth."

Bhakti is the devotion that "drinks God as the wild bull drinks the lake." Cults of bhakti have possessed India for thousands of years, and the Greek "bacchante" is derived from bhakta, the frenzied devotee. Bhakti had given me a reputation for eccentricity in the West which began when I was five years old, and it was like finding my home again after a long exile to be where it was understood. The things for which I had been considered unconventional and queer in the West were regarded as piety in India, and from one end of the country to the other I was received by people of all classes with a devout kind of love.

## V

MY FIRST WINTER was spent in the Dailwarra temples of Mount Abu, a sacred mountain of the Jains which rises from the desert of



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Rajputana like a tower of jungle flowers. Jainism is an ancient form of Hinduism in which there is no caste and which makes nonviolence and protection of all life the first commandment. The Dailwarra temples are a cluster of domes over the richest marble carving in the world and corridors of shrines containing marble images with the Eye of Wisdom inlaid as jewels in their foreheads. There was a Mahatma of the Jains living at Dailwarra, the Yogi Shantivijaya, who has a following of millions in India as a religious teacher and who took me as his disciple. I studied languages, served the altar fire of the temples, and practiced exercises of meditation and breath control with the rosary and instructions of Shantivijaya. I met many thousands of pilgrims during the winter, from all parts of India, and learned many things from my teacher which are not written in books.

In the spring I set out on a pilgrimage to the sacred places of Kathiawar, the land of Krishna, the Indian Apollo, and found the temples I had seen in the Pacific sunset over the Arabian Sea. The Jains have built cities of temples, thousands of white domes and towers on the tops of immense precipices among the clouds. From Kathiawar I went to Mathura and Brindaban on the Jumna River below Delhi, to visit the forest where Krishna danced the Rasa Mandala, the Circle Dance, with the Gopis, the milkmaids. Of all names, I loved that of Krishna Gopal best, because the Divine Herdsman was the life of the earth and the dance of the Gopis around him was the circle of the planets around the sun. Krishna-Bhakti united me by a tie of unspeakable love to the Indians.

From Brindaban I went to the Nilgiris, the Mountains of Nila, in the south. The Himalayas are called the upper curve of Nila Naga's body, and the Nilgiris the southern, enclosing India within the circle of Eternity. The Hindu State of Mysore is below the Blue Mountains, and I was invited there to the birthday festivities of the Maharaja and to other royal festivals where I saw fabulous wealth on display. Bhakti had come to mean bhakti of humanity, and the existence of wealth and poverty made it essential for me to find some way of identifying myself with those in need. I fulfilled various difficult vows of fasting and asceticism, and was rewarded by one real glimpse of God and Ecstasy. What I saw made nothing too difficult to attempt if it would unite the drop of me to the sea.

I began with street cleaning. The lowest in the Hindu community are the scavengers, who, because of the work they do, are considered unclean and "untouchable." I went into the slums of Bangalore in the Mysore State and cleaned the streets and the drains. The flower of the Brahman youth joined me, and there was a great sensation in India. We sent reports of our work to Mahatma Gandhi, who was leading the all-India-antiuntouchability movement from the Yeravda jail, and he wrote us it was a very great work we were doing. For Brahmans to do the work of untouchables would automatically put an end to untouchability. Our campaign also branched into the founding of playgrounds for slum children, spinning classes held in the streets, and the remodeling of a theater where I directed a group of Kanarese players.

But when I went to visit Gandhi in the jail, his understanding of the depth of my quest made me decide that the work I was doing was only making me into the leader of a campaign and that to escape from egotism and love of the grandstand and the things that stood between me and my vision of the beauty religion I should have to give up public work and become the humblest of devotees. Gandhi assured me that if I succeeded in realizing my vision within myself I should be able to realize it in the theater my father called the "theater of our unrealized nation," the nation being the world and the religion a world religion.



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My pledge of discipleship was transferred formally from Shantivijaya to Gandhi, and, after living for a time in a remote village of untouchables at the edge of the Mysore jungle, I went with my young son to his ashrama, or retreat, near Ahmadabad, and later to another of his communal colonies in central India. What made me place absolute confidence in Gandhi and my life in his hands was that he had successfully adhered to his vow of nonstealing, as he calls the vow of nonpossession of personal property. The highest ideal of Hinduism for thousands of years has been voluntary renunciation of all property beyond the needs of the body and dedication of wealth to art and religion. Gandhi had evolved the ideal into endless methods of practical application, and thousands of his followers gave up their property as a joyous experience of bhakti.

"To have you do your own work is my ideal for you," he told me. "To stop dancing this Prometheus dance of being bound and create the dance of liberation."

I had become like a skeleton from fasting and had a bald, shaven head. I finally saw that by making myself look like Gandhi I was not practicing the truths it was his ambition to teach people to practice. If they were universal, they would be universally applicable, in the West as well as the East, and to practice them in America, as a private individual and not as an apostle, would be the test.

"But promise you will do it right away!" Gandhi exclaimed. "Only by being true to yourself can you be true to me. Get to work on these new dances and stop wasting your time."

## VI

The British helped me to make the transition from a bald-headed, barefoot ascetic to an American girl. They took care of me when I fell ill after leaving the ashrama and treated me with such understanding and kindness and did so much for my little son that I left India in an ecstasy of love for all who are in it. But the war against untouchability had not ended, and I saw the stewards on the ship which brought me from India treated as social untouchables. In a spasm of indignation and inspiration I decided that I had to identify myself with the untouchables of the West as I had with those of India, and the only way I could devise of doing it honestly was by marrying one. As soon as I reached New York I married a boy I had seen treated as an untouchable on the ship, without explaining to anyone why I did it. But I became violently ill the same day and found that I was doing both him and myself a great injustice and that the truth as I saw it could not be served in that way.

It took many months to adjust myself to life in New York and a great deal of vigilance to keep myself out of the commercial entanglements proposed by lecture bureaus and theatrical and literary agents bent on exploiting the newspaper notoriety which attended the absurdly garbled reports and interpretations of my doings. But the program which had begun with the ashrama vows had become a part of my nature, and the universal applicability of the vow of nonstealing became more than ever apparent. I found that, aside from rent, my living expenses amounted to no more than seven dollars a week in New York, because, as a vegetarian, I cannot eat in restaurants and adhere to very simple ideas about food. To remain in tune with the nature and universe I have known, I cannot take from it more than my actual needs. Anything I take beyond the requirements of my health is stolen from nature, which would provide for all if there were no thieves. Whatever I may earn from writing or from the theater of my dreams must be a trust of which I am merely custodian. Gandhi always pointed out to people in all walks of life that they do not have to stop working or earning but that they should consider themselves custodians and not possessors of their resources.

For me the essence of all religion is in the parable of the rich man and the eye of the needle. Religion which tolerates injustice and is not a rule of action seems to me to be useless. It is an empty shell, with which old age may console itself but which is powerless to give youth a life with just foundations and universal joy. Seeing this, youth imagines it has turned from religion, but it has turned from only the shell. Love and life itself are religion, because they are the pursuit of bliss, and youth has turned from sectarian prejudice, not from life. Life and love are bhakti, and in Eastern language I should say that religion means bhakti to me. In Western language there is no single word for it, but I might say that it keeps me a bacchante, drunk with primordial joy.



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# Has the New Deal Helped the Farmer?

***A Debate on a Campaign Issue***

## I—Farmers Still Want the AAA

***by* CHESTER C. DAVIS**

*Administrator, Agricultural Adjustment Act*

IT SEEMS TO ME that the first response to the question of why farmers favor the agricultural-adjustment program would very logically be another question: "Do they favor it?"

I say that most of them do. To argue they do not is to butt one's head against a stone wall of facts which the farmers themselves have built, stone on stone and fact on fact, and which stands there today as something that cannot be dodged. This opinion is still held by the vast majority of farmers, I am positive, despite the adverse ruling of the Supreme Court.*

I do not say that most farmers *would* favor the adjustment program if they could sell at satisfactory prices all they can produce. Such a condition does not exist, and there is no magic by which it can be brought about. So the hard-headed farmer judges against the cold background of present-day fact.

Most farmers know that the politician who, under existing international conditions, promises them an export outlet for all they can produce, is talking bunk. They would like to have it, certainly; they would like to see new industrial uses develop for their products, too; but, while these avenues are being opened, they can see no reason why theirs should be the only branch of our industrial organization to throw goods on the market for what they will bring.

Out of some 6,000,000 farmers in the United States, a few more than 3,500,000 were actively co-operating in the adjustment programs in November, 1935. The number has generally increased with each program offered or renewed, and the November figure is the largest it has ever been, which indicates that the programs enjoy not only the favor but the growing favor of the nation's farmers.

There have been 6 referendums of the nation's producers of cotton, wheat, corn and hogs, and tobacco, including two successive ones for the corn-hog and tobacco producers. All carried. Not by any split decisions but by heavily preponderant majorities. In each of these any farmer or farm owner was eligible to vote who was a grower of the commodity involved, whether he was a contract signer or not. In all of these elections there was a large turnout; *in fact, a larger percentage of those eligible actually came out and voted than in any presidential election in recent years.* In the 6 referendums approximately 3,433,000 votes were cast for the programs and about 535,000 against — a ratio of more than 6 to 1.

The regions with the most experience with agricultural adjustment generally gave it the strongest support, and one or two specific instances will corroborate that statement. In the 1935 corn-hog referendum, 161,000 Iowa farmers voted for a continuation of the program, to 26,581 votes cast against it. In Kossuth County, Iowa, the home of Senator Dickinson, the vote was 2,906 in favor and 164 against. That is 18 to 1. The total of 3,070 votes, which included some absentee farm owners, equaled 97 per cent of the last census count of all the resident farmers in Mr. Dickinson's county.

I realize, of course, that the majority is not necessarily right. But I suggest that such a preponderant majority of farmers should prove embarrassing to any purported leader of farmers who undertakes to argue, while leading them, that they are wrong.

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Although this article was written by Administrator Davis just before the Supreme Court's decision on January 6, Mr. Davis telegraphed this additional sentence.*



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I should rather believe they may be right and look for their reasons why.

## II

LET'S SEE WHAT some of the reasons are. This is the way one farmer put them to me.

"Now I like the adjustment program, first, for this reason: A lot of things called farm relief were talked about for 15 years, and some of them were tried. And all the time my farm and I were getting in worse shape. This is the first plan that has really put money in my pocket and brought actual results that I can take to town to spend.

"Second, size it up with some of the alternatives that are talked about today. Instead of trading it for something else, sight unseen, I'd rather keep right on improving the one we've got. That looks sensible to me.

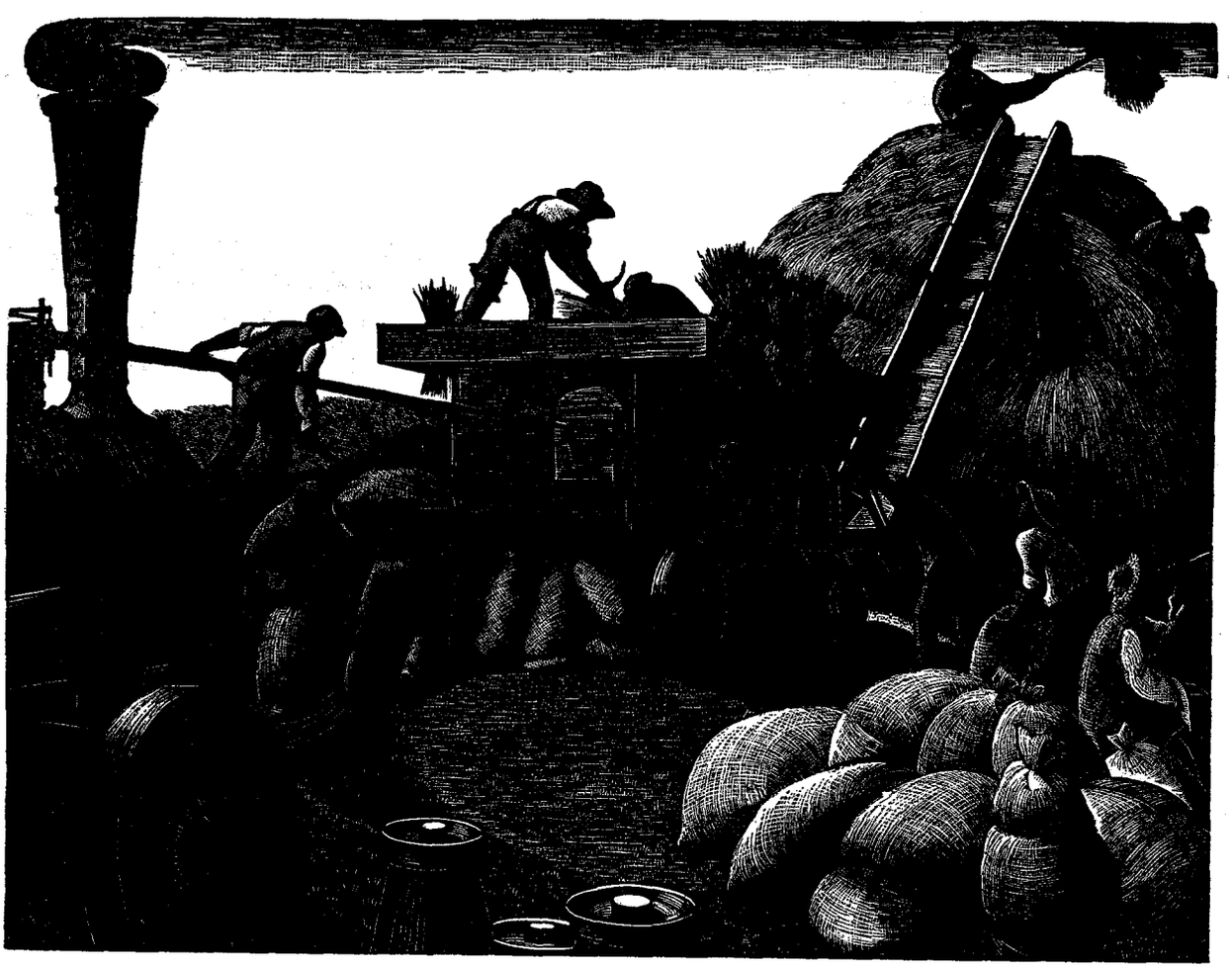
"Third, it's based on sound farming. Why, I've been able to put some of my ground into grass and pasture as I've been wanting to do for years and couldn't afford to. My farm itself will be a lot better off after a few years of following this kind of farming. I've had to mine my soil before; now I can farm it, and that's what I want to do.

"Then you see, this is our show. We run the local end of it ourselves out here in the county and we help make these changes and improvements that are being made all the time. I surely like that part about it.

"And, fifth, here is one of the fundamental reasons: It helps my neighbor and me, us farmers, to take our place with the other great economic groups which exercise control over their own business, including production and marketing. It gives us a chance to practice, on a small scale, the control of production that industry has always practiced on a large scale. I like it because it finally gives us something of an even break."

Now let's go back and examine these five reasons one by one to see if that farmer was right about them.

During agriculture's long struggle for an even economic break with other groups, many things were tried. More efficient production, co-operative marketing, tariffs, all were tried. They helped but they did not give the farmers





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equality. The McNary-Haugen principle, which was pretty generally demanded by farmers, died a-borning during unfriendly national administrations. The stabilization effort of the Federal Farm Board was caught in its own backlash because its loans were not secured by any other form of production control than persuasion. It did help materially to sell the idea of production control but offered no plan to make it economically possible for individual farmers to follow the good advice.

Then came the adjustment act. Rarely has a plan of such moment encountered less opposition at its birth, and, today, even in spite of the political cataracts that sometimes dim the vision, people generally agree that it has fulfilled one of its objectives, in that it has helped to increase the purchasing power of farmers.

Since 1932 the farm cash income, after paying fixed charges, has advanced about 85 per cent. Present estimates of farmers' gross income from 1935 production are in excess of $8,000,000,000. It was about $5,300,000,000 in 1932. The farm cash income was 48 per cent more in 1934 than in 1932. Of all these things the American farmer is very much aware. He believes that of all the factors that contributed to the rising farm income, the greatest continuing influence was the adjustment program. Droughts and floods may come and go, but adjustment measures are available to be employed whenever needed.

In the second of his 5 reasons, the farmer referred to alternate proposals. Some people urge unlimited production, draining the surplus off into export. We have the power to subsidize exports, under the Agricultural Adjustment Act; we have tried it and will continue to try it. But we have found that, unless we buy goods in return, we should in many cases have to give our goods away in order to get them over foreign tariff walls. I cannot see how that will help either our farmers of today or of tomorrow, after we have drained our soil fertility in the suicidal effort to export cotton at 5 cents or less and wheat at 30 cents and hogs at $2. That is simply subsidizing foreign industries with cheap food, thereby penalizing America. I am for exports, too, but I am not trying to kid anyone as to the actual possibilities. The farmer won't let himself be kidded either.

Then there are those who advocate unlimited production and a guaranteed parity price, paid out of the federal treasury, to make up what the consumer fails to pay. The farmer who thinks about it knows it couldn't work for long. As the price sank down under increasing supplies, larger subsidies would be necessary to hold up farm increase. In the end, we should be back where we were in 1932, with bankrupt prices and gigantic unsold supplies.

## III

THE THIRD REASON why the farmer I quoted favors the adjustment program is that he is now able to shift a few acres from the growing of surplus crops and put them into alfalfa or other soil-conserving and erosion-preventing crops and thus keep his soil in repair, instead of being forced by the economic pressure of high fixed charges and bankruptcy prices to mine his soil for every acre's worth, regardless of the consequences. It is the kind of program that a farmer's farmer likes. It is based on sound farm practice, as any successful program must be. In 1934 and again in 1935, more than 30,000,000 acres that had been growing crops that were not needed were freed, by the adjustment programs, for constructive, soil-building uses.

Fourth, the farmers have seen their own efforts, in working out the programs and in administering them in their counties through their own elected committeemen, rewarded by gradual changes made in the programs. They have seen many improvements and modifications and adaptations made. These have grown directly out of their own experience, and have been based on their own recommendations. And so they feel they can do more to build their agricultural policy through the democratically-administered adjustment programs than by adopting some other strange child that is being carried toward their doorstep.

And finally, farmers have embedded in their minds one of the fundamentals upon which the whole thing rests. It is this: Nonagricultural industries, under our economic system, have universally practiced restriction of output in order to maintain price. Corporate industries do not expect to be able to enjoy unlimited production and still enjoy good prices.

Industry has cut down production far more than agriculture ever has. The farmer has ob-



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served this, and he asks today why he, of all elements of society, must run his plant, his farm, at full capacity only to hang himself because of the bankruptcy prices that inevitably result. He is fair about it. He says: "Why should I be asked by society to be the only one to do this thing?" And then, in that same fairness he says: "Why should I expect society to take all I can produce at a fair price when no factory or mine or other industry asks society to take all it can produce at a fair price?"

The Agricultural Adjustment Act enables farmers, for the first time in the troubled history of agriculture, to furnish goods to the world on the same basis as that enjoyed by other industries. That is, to furnish all the goods for which society is willing to pay a fair price but not to bankrupt themselves supplying goods for which society will not pay.

I believe the farmers of America have this principle so thoroughly in mind that they will guard it zealously. They will not give that up. And since the Agricultural Adjustment Act, through its co-operative machinery, provides this very thing, they favor it.

I have given you the reasons one farmer gave me why he favors the AAA. I believe he is thinking straight and that other millions are thinking right along with him. It isn't the plan he would favor, perhaps, if export markets were free and open or if, under our economic system, the other groups did not limit the production of the goods and services for which he trades his crops. But, seeing clearly what he is up against, as he does, he and the other millions will be calling for the blueprints of the farm plans that will be thrown together for them in the coming months and will scrutinize them sharply to see just how the plans will work.

# II—Crop Control Brings Serfdom

*by* **L. J. DICKINSON**

*United States Senator from Iowa*

HOW MANY FARMERS are against the principle of the AAA? No one knows. There will be no correct answer to that political enigma until November.

However, the decision of the Supreme Court that the program is unconstitutional in a vital sense has clarified the situation. For one thing, it has taken from the hand of the Administration the facile use of money which it had devised under the Act, and so a dense fog has been lifted from the mind of the farmer.

Therefore it may be asserted positively that the alleged 6-to-1 majority of Secretary Wallace's famous corn-hog referendum does not accurately represent genuine sentiment among farmers.

In considering that vote it must be remembered (a) that it came before the plan had



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been tried out enough to show up its fallacies, (b) that the opposition had no voice, while government agents, by every known device of cajolery and threat, sought the farmer's signature, and (c) that more than half the farmers *refrained from voting*, even though the proposition submitted was merely whether payments should continue to *themselves*. Also, vast numbers who had signed AAA contracts remained silent rather than stultify themselves by declaring they *believed* in government handouts, even though these handouts were *accepted*.

In this discussion I wish to avoid being placed in the anomalous position which the corn-hog farmers faced on Secretary Wallace's referendum. Fearful of an adverse vote on corn-hog control, the AAA confused the issue by announcing that there would be no more programs on specific crops but only a single blanket contract which the farmer had either to accept or reject. Evidently the farmer swallowed corn-hog control which he did not like to get other regulations which he favored.

Moreover, it should be understood that many phases of the AAA program are not in question. Certain of these I have advocated for many years and others I originated. Practically all farmers are in favor of that part of AAA which enabled them to finance warehouse crops on the farm and which established proper loan facilities. These provisions, designed to avert the perils of "dumping," I fought for in Congress for 12 years.

The farmer is a manufacturer of foodstuffs. He needs and should have all the aid and protection that the government has long accorded to any other business man. No one disputes that part of AAA which gave him this assurance.

What is challenged is the philosophy of paternalism and bureaucratic control which underlay the whole program of crop regulation, with its destructive theory of scarcity. This phase of the AAA, with its system of processing taxes, allotments, and cash benefits, aroused national concern.

When you hook up controls of this character with the principle of paying a man for *not* doing something, there are set in motion vicious forces which are subversive of the initiative and enterprise that are the bedrock of democracy itself. It is bad enough to rob a man of his natural incentive to work, but, when in addition you make him the beneficiary of what amounts to nothing less than a political subsidy, you have made him part of a vicious system in which he becomes subservient to the politician who is dispensing this bounty.

This type of control suspends normal economic forces and places the whole of agriculture on an artificial basis. A vast pyramid is erected, with the consumer at the bottom, the farmer at the top, and the distributing agents in between. All are caught between the press sure of one group for higher prices and that of the other for lower prices. Thus the paternalistic system sets up an ever widening circle which ultimately involves everything and everybody in varying degrees of dependency.

Recognition of these fallacies spread rapidly among farmers. I know literally hundreds among those who voted for the AAA who did so with misgivings and with mental reservations. In 3 years of operation the farmer learned a lot about government controls which differs sharply from those glittering prospectuses of an agricultural Utopia issued by the Department of Agriculture. Let me give you a concrete instance.

The AAA limited the production of corn in the Middle West and of cotton in the South. Restrictions were based upon the acreage previously planted to the respective crops. Now there was no limitation upon the Iowa farmer growing cotton or on the Southern farmer growing corn. But it is at once obvious that the advantage here was all on the side of the Southern farmer. The cotton-growing privilege means nothing in the West, but during the past 3 years the growing of corn became an important new addition to farm income in the South. The corn farmer has had nothing with which to replace his curtailed crop, but the Southern planter, in addition to being paid *not* to grow cotton, could plant his excess acreage in corn. What the Middle Western farmer found out, therefore, is that the AAA set up against him a new competitor in the South who did not exist before. Thus the production not only of corn but of cattle and hogs in the Southern States has increased by a very large percentage during the past three years. It did not, fortunately, assume alarming proportions but it did indicate clearly a significant trend.

This program also led to the use of substitutes which forced out established crops. Wherever you find that the AAA stimulated a



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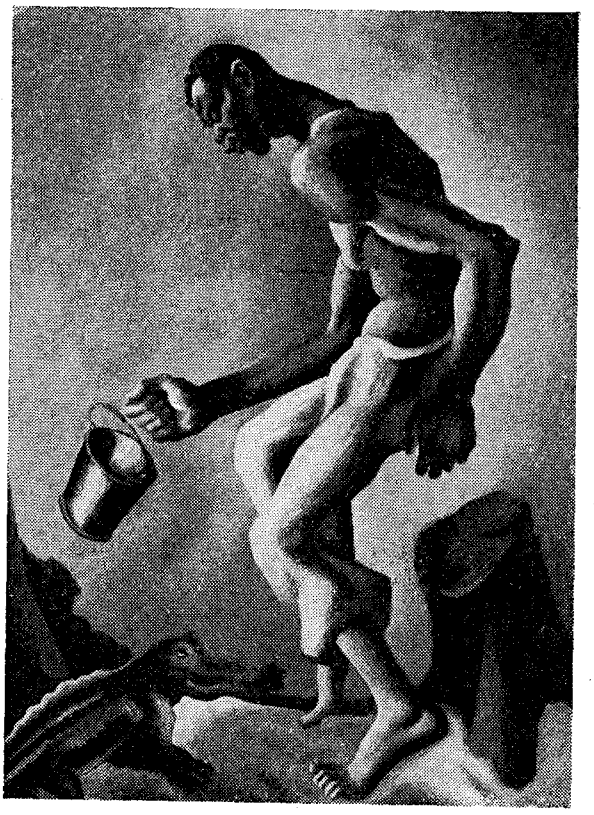

*Negro and Alligator*

*Lonesome Road*

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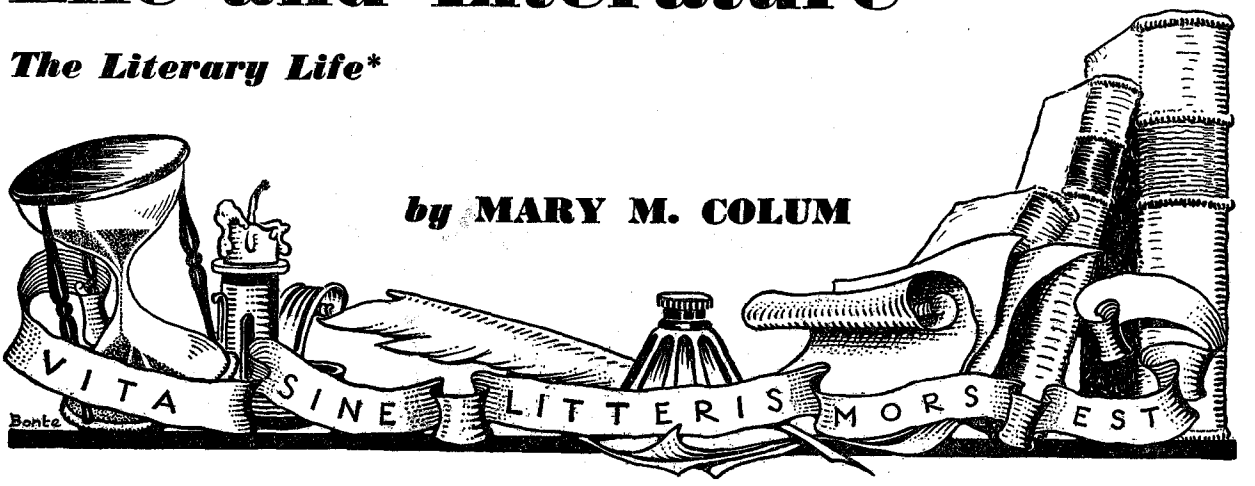
# Life and Literature

## *The Literary Life**




*by* **MARY M. COLUM**

At no very remote date the literary world in every country was composed of people all of whom had heard of each other and who were, to some extent, familiar with each other's work. This was true not only for all the writers in any one country but even of those of foreign countries: an English or an American writer would be known to French or German writers and vice versa; a new writer of power would be known from his initial publication. Now, at the present moment, the literary world is a vast, miscellaneous crowd, composed for the most part of writers who have very little connection with literature. The artist-writers who used to make up the whole literary world are now a fraction of it, and their work is getting crowded out and is either ignored or half-ignored in the medley of books turned out by all sorts and conditions of people on all sorts of subjects.

Books are now published in such multitudes that even the most omnivorous reader can get through only a small percentage of them, and even all the book reviewers together cannot cope with the output. Book publishing is getting completely out of hand; nobody seems to be able to control the production any more; nobody wants such numbers of books but nobody can stop their publication. It is the same story with many other things in this civilization: nobody wants so many ships built or so many cars constructed or such quantities of munitions manufactured but nobody can halt their production. In the same way, nobody wants war but nobody seems to be able to stop the world or portions of the world from heading towards it.

In the literary world, though, part of the trouble undoubtedly comes from the increased commercial nature of publishing; a part of it certainly comes from the fact that we have an insufficient number of all-round experts in literature. We have too many specialists, or, anyhow, people trying to specialize, and not enough of those with sufficient breadth of mind and extensiveness of training to be able to resolve the problem as a whole — the sort of mind which can relate a book to the past, to the needs of the moment, to its value to the publisher, writer, and reader. Most of the books published are by people who have nothing significant to say; they die after a couple of weeks or a couple of months, and when read at all are read by people who could write as good or even better books themselves. No nutriment is provided for the readers.

The necessity for some form of book control for the benefit of both reader and writer is becoming evident, but how that control can best be exercised is a difficult matter to work out. We have forms of crop control, food control, fuel control, wage control; the expressions "planned society," "planned economy" are becoming familiar to everybody. The physical needs of people are being planned for everywhere; their intellectual and psychic needs are being largely ignored. Some of the big publishing firms are really factories for turning out books; they can give very little attention to a

*Editor's Note: — *The recent books referred to in this article include* Amy Lowell: a Chronicle, *by S. Foster Damon (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00)*; Epitaph on George Moore, *by Charles Morgan (Macmillan, $1.25)*; Irish Literary Portraits, *by John Eglinton (Macmillan, $2.00)*; If It Die, *by André Gide (Random House, $5.00)*; Prophets and Poets, *by André Maurois (Harper, $3.00)*; What Is a Book? *edited by Dale Warren (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00).*



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first-class work because they bring out such a vast array of the fifth rate and the tenth rate. The bulk of stuff published makes very little money for either author or publisher, and the reason for the publication of a lot of it is that printing presses have to be kept going, just as the assembly plant for cars has to be kept going. This is bad for the reading public and calamitous for real writers.

### The Artist's Uneasy Life

A writer's life is very seldom an easy one; it is filled with disappointments and, excepting in rare cases, is lacking in security of every kind; it is considered romantic by people who have entered very little into it and is looked on as an easy path to fame and fortune by others. Some few writers achieve fame; a good many more have a wide publicity, which is a very different thing, but few make much of an income. The chance of making money out of a book is less than getting money by buying a lottery ticket; of the two I should recommend the lottery ticket as the least uncertain. Even a first-class writer's reputation is likely to decline as he becomes an accepted figure and as fashions in writing change.

Any art is a dangerous occupation, and I can imagine no change in civilization that would make it otherwise; the demand on spiritual endurance, on nervous energy, on sensibility, on response to life is so great. The strain, the uncertainty, the anxiety, the hidden shapes of envy are at least twice as numerous as they would be in any other profession. In addition to talent or genius, real writing demands a sense of responsibility and integrity in every sense of that word; it demands from the writer that rarest of all powers — of being himself, of being perfectly naturally a person. It demands of that self, that natural self, that it be sufficiently strong and powerful to impress itself on thought, words, and language.

This power of impressing personality on language is one of the strangest and most inexplicable in the world of the mind. The very same words in the very same order can be used by two people, and in one case they will leave no impression and in another they will outlive the monuments of princes. Any number of people must have used the words, "Queens have died young and fair," but it was when they were used by Nash, when he put into them some strange aroma of personality, that they became immortal literature —

> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

And the same can be said of numerous lines of Wordsworth.

There are before me at the moment several books which have to do with the literary life in some shape or form. One of the most interesting and instructive of them is *Amy Lowell: a Chronicle*, by Foster Damon. Amy Lowell was an artist of the kind whose value lasts for only a brief period. She was valuable and influential as a writer for about ten years but she has left very little that is likely to survive for any length of time. There is one poem of hers, *Patterns*, which has survived for about twenty years and is likely to survive for a long time yet; it is the only one of her poems which seems to me to be really a poem. Yet in her lifetime, as her biographer shows, a great many people were excited by her, and would flock to hear her read her verse and discuss literature. For a brief period she was undoubtedly a power.

A woman of strong intellect, she could have been of more value to her time and in the end to herself if she had been less interested in herself and her own reputation. But she was determined to sell herself as a poet and as a writer to the public and she was exceedingly energetic and resourceful in her efforts. The seriousness with which she took her work and with which she arranged her time was surpassed only by her fellow New Englander, Gamaliel Bradford. Daytime was too distracting for the production of these works of hers, so she wrote at night and slept in the daytime, leaving what she produced in sheets for secretaries to type out the next day. Could one imagine Keats or Goethe or Racine being so concerned about getting out what was in them?

In spite of the record of some generosities to fellow writers, I doubt very seriously if Amy Lowell ever squandered either her money or her time or herself, and, in the end, it is to the squanderers that art gives everything, to those who, for some space of their lives, anyhow, have recklessly given of themselves or their time or their love or their sympathy or their worldly goods — it is they who can say, "What I gave I have, what I saved I lost." For the life of the spirit has different rules from the practical life: she was too close to her thrifty New England



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ancestors to realize this — to John Lowell, the cooper, who was the first of the family to go to Harvard, who became a clergyman, a man of property, and who "found no inconsistency between worldliness and spirituality."

There are no more interesting pages in Foster Damon's book than those in which he describes the Lawrences and Lowells who were Amy's ancestors, from the first Percival Lowell who emigrated from England in 1639: the family chronicle is indeed fascinating despite that solemn genealogy, going back to the Conqueror or Charlemagne, which is so naturally acquired at the office of a king-at-arms. I myself have heard her say with acerbity and perhaps without precisely meaning it, "My ancestors were all lower-middle-class people like those of everyone else in New England." She herself was distinctly an aristocratic type — not the genteel aristocrat but the dashing one. Outside her intellectual life and her reputation as a writer she cared very little what people thought of her; she had an aristocratic directness of speech and manner, she was spirited, she was large-minded, and she occasionally exercised the *grande dame's* privilege of swearing like a trooper and of being vulgar when it suited her. Still it must be owned that at times she showed the country cousin's attitude toward European writers and English intellectual institutions.

### The Passion for Being Noted

She thought of herself as a great poet and was determined that the public should think likewise. On any general program she insisted on being given the place of honor. There is a convention in this country that the guest of honor appears last. Once, as an amateur impresario of a poetry reading in New York for the benefit of an artist's colony, I asked Amy Lowell to be amongst the readers. She telephoned me in the small hours of the morning, probably forgetting that, unlike her, I slept at night, and asked that she be given the last place on the program. John Farrar and John Weaver had been placed at the end of the program, as they were staging an experiment in reading poetry to the accompaniment of a dancer, dancing the rhythms with a complex lighting effect; and I judged that after this performance the mood of the audience for listening to any more poetry would be broken. She insisted, however, that the place of honor was last and that she must be the last reader. The result was that after the dancer the audience was not in a mood for poetry and proceeded to leave when Amy began to recite. After this she never spoke to me nor communicated with me again.

Consistent with her sense of her own importance were the plans she made for this biography of her, keeping a record of all her doings, a file of letters written to her and by her, and newspaper notices of her books and other activities. She spared no pains to make all her work known and even arranged for a translation into French of her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, paying for the translation.

Her books in prose were efficient, scholarly, and informing, and, although her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* is now a little dated and her *Six French Poets* journalistic and somewhat superficial, both books repay reading. She was a splendid platform speaker and always presented an excellent evening's entertainment. She had a lecture, "American Poets of Today," a portion of which is reproduced in this book, which must have been the best that her audience had ever heard on the subject. The lectures on French poetry which later formed *Six French Poets* were informing and lucid, though showing a puzzlement at the religious affiliation of her poets. As an editor of a literary review, an idea which from time to time she played with, she would have been of great importance at that period, for both by instinct and training she knew a great deal about literature, and her advice was always valuable. Among the letters reprinted in this volume is one to a sister of a would-be poet, showing the difference between art and self-expression, which in its common sense, its inside understanding of art is one of those pieces of writing which should be presented to every aspiring author. At the same time, she often failed to apply the sound advice she gave to others to herself, through her desire to be a figure of importance.

While in our civilization it is women oftener than men who are subject to an exaggerated desire for importance, outstanding men writers often make a fuss about their prestige and reputation. George Moore, who is the subject of a small book (*Epitaph on George Moore*) by Charles Morgan, the author of *The Fountain*, was just as concerned as Amy



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Lowell and just as capable of making an arrangement that he would be the chief figure on a program or a table of contents. Once, when some young writers in Dublin were bringing out a magazine in which to publish their own work, George Moore presented them out of his drawer with an ancient manuscript of a realistic short story called "The Flood," which, as it happened, they were delighted to get. But he summoned the editors to his house and insisted that this story be printed in the front pages of the magazine. Without asking, he probably would have been given that place, but he wanted no mistake.

Like Amy Lowell he wrote letters with an eye to their being included in a biography. Like her, he had an independent income, and this, in both cases, was responsible for much of the fuss that they made about themselves. His literary advice was deeper and sounder than hers, for he had a larger experience of writers and writing. In fact, no one could be on the fringe of that entourage of writers whose elders were composed of himself, A. E., Yeats, and Synge without learning in a year more about literature than one could learn in a study in ten or even twenty years.

### The Importance of Self-Renewal

The man who, first of all, was to be his biographer was John Eglinton, to whom he devoted pages in *Hail and Farewell* and who is a well-known Dublin critic. Though this project fell through and Moore fastened on Charles Morgan, the pages in Eglinton's *Irish Literary Portraits* dealing with Moore are more illuminating than anything in this little book of Morgan's, though they are not dazzlingly illuminating at that. However, they are superior to *Epitaph on George Moore* for the reason that Eglinton knew George Moore during some of the salient years of his life, while Morgan knew him only after he had left Ireland for good, a crusty old conservative.

But the Moore of real importance to literature is the man who wrote *Hail and Farewell*, a book whose influence on the modern novel would require an article in itself. The author of *Hail and Farewell* is a writer outside the English tradition of novel writing, who did not really believe that the English could write novels and who was able to convince such a typical English writer as Arnold Bennett that he, Moore, was a greater novelist than Thackeray. George Moore was an Irish country gentleman, not an Anglo-Irish country gentleman, with the subtle and strong intelligence that is the result of generations of cultivated minds. He had the Irish-Celtic mentality, which is so akin to the French-Celtic mentality, and his distinguished art and technique was a cross between the art and technique of a Mayo shanachie and of a French realistic novelist, inclining at times more to one than to the other.

The lady who declined to give Charles Morgan the letters that Moore declared were necessary for a real biography had a sound critical sense, for it is obvious that Morgan's insight into his subject is limited. There was only one side of George Moore that he understood well, and that was the writer with the infallible instinct for self-renewal. The passion for self-renewal, Morgan says, would have been the theme of the biography of Moore that he might have written. He never knew a man in whom the impulse for self-renewal was so strong and so continuous.

> To study him and his work was to be instructed in the innermost meaning and penalties of self-discipline and self-creation.

Now, obviously, whether or not such a book would have been a veritable biography of George Moore, it might have been a contribution to criticism. Whenever artists come to an end in their work, reach a stop in their development, it has always seemed to me that this happened through their placing too much value on the problem of discipline and too little on the problem of self-creation or self-renewal. This, perhaps, is true of any profession or any art, including the art of living. When self-creation or self-renewal ends, the artist has nothing more to contribute, and this explains why certain others can go on creating until extreme old age.

### The Confessions of an Invert

The ideal biography of any artist would, of course, have to be more than an account of his instinct for self-renewal; it would have to be an account of how he molded himself to what is essentially himself — to quote Mallarmé's line from his sonnet on Poe, "Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change." Now it has to be said for Gide's *If It Die* that the writer does give the sense of an individual



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molding himself into a distinctive kind of being. Something is being molded in this book: a neurotic, hypochondriac little boy into a neurotic artist of strange gifts, with strong tendencies to homosexuality — a severe ascetic on one side, a gross sensualist on the other, which seems to be the usual Puritan mentality: it is a combination which I have little sympathy with and little comprehension of. He writes of a lust, both normal and abnormal, which is without love; a perpetual anxiety seems to be the master passion of his mind. The characters in his books are deadly egoists who imagine that they and their souls are of more importance to the God of whom they are always thinking than the souls of their lovers and friends. Like all the Puritans, he is haunted by the Bible, and can find some passages in Scripture to explain most of his inclinations and acts.

The title of this confession-autobiography is from the saying of St. John's, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," and the interpretation he puts on it is that the human being must have many experiences of sin and sensuality before reaching the summits. Gide has tried pretty nearly everything himself in the way of experiences and has now, towards the end of his life, joined the communists — this, doubtless, as with everything else he has done, to see what sort of fruit it will bring forth in his mind. And, doubtless, as with all his other experiences, this will result in renewed conflict. In his early book, *Les Cahiers d'André Walter*, the hero declares, "I have never had any happiness that my reason did not disapprove of," and this sentiment is a sort of refrain through all his books.

Critics among his own countrymen — and among critics are his greatest admirers — have described him as a mixture of Nietzsche, Dostoevski, and Racine, the last ingredient probably to account for the beauty, the clarity, and the poetry of his style. For whatever are Gide's drawbacks, and one has constantly the impression that these are all related to a barrenness of mind which prevents him forever from being reckoned with the first-rate contemporary writers, he is a master of language and is able to translate into words the most mysterious and neurotic shudderings of the mind and the senses. This autobiography was written several years ago, but the subject of the latter half of it made it such that it could only now be translated into English. This portion of it gives one reader at least the impression of watching man being molded into vampire. There is no place in literature for many revelations of this kind.

### The Greatest Living English Writer?

It is with some relief that one turns to Maurois' essays on English writers and to the Boy Scoutism of Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells, generally so irritating, but welcome as a change from the homosexuality of Gide. Maurois, who is a versatile and not very profound writer, has something enlightening to say on most of the subjects he touches, and this in spite of what seems to be his fixed determination to alienate nobody and to carry a sort of provincial-tea-table tact into the examination of the minds of the most important writers.

This book, which was called in French *Magiciens et Logiciens*, is turned into English "Prophets and Poets," thus giving the reader a false impression of what Maurois is trying to reveal about his subjects. He does not put forward his subjects as the prophets who made this age; he has merely written a series of essays, originally given as lectures, on certain well-known English writers with whose work Maurois happens to be familiar. They also happen to be the writers that the average cultivated reader has read and is familiar with; that reader will discover here what he has always thought, or been taught to think, about these writers — Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, and so on.

There is one essay, however, that is important and worth all the rest of the series, and that is the opening one on Rudyard Kipling: if this can do something to restore the prestige of that great writer, the greatest living English writer, Maurois' book will have been worth writing. When he explains Kipling's heroic conception of life and his power as a myth-maker, when he talks of his "instinctive and enduring contact with the oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness," he touches the secret of Kipling's extraordinary genius — a genius which so many of the younger generation have hardly been aware of because of that shocking habit of critics of perpetually stressing a writer's faults when once he has become a



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figure and stressing, in Kipling's case, that Boy Scout imperialism which, after all, was a partial manifestation of his heroic quality. Some of the attacks on highly gifted writers are enough to convert one completely to Victor Hugo's opinion that it would be well for criticism to admire genius en bloc, to confess that its defects are the conditions of its excellencies, and to realize that one ought to take it or leave it without futile, niggling faultfindings.

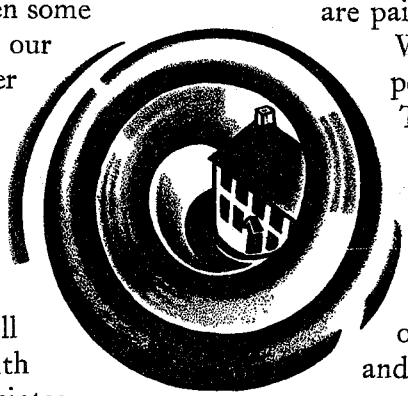
As a pendant to all these books dealing with the literary life there is one, *What Is a Book?*, which ought to be read by anyone interested in the profession of authorship. It is true that the symposium leads off badly with an insubstantial and long-winded essay, but several of the succeeding ones bear reading more than once. The writers in this symposium are all professionals; they all know what they are talking about; and particular phases of writing are dealt with skillfully, convincingly, and interestingly: of them I should mention Rafael Sabatini on historical fiction, Harold Nicholson on biography, Valentine Williams on crime fiction, Archibald MacLeish and Frances Frost on poetry. Phyllis Bottome's "Responsibilities of an Artist" is one of the best pieces of writing on that subject that I have ever read, and it convinces one that this writer has it in her to write better novels than she has yet produced. Havelock Ellis' "The Artist in Words" and John Livingstone Lowes's "The Reading of Books" are, as one might expect, outstandingly excellent. As one reads these diverse writers, one notices that one author's name is mentioned again and again — that of Henry James. And this means that this great craftsman has an everyday influence upon the writers of the present time — an everyday, workaday influence unsuspected by most critics.

# I Sent My Father to an Old Men's Home

**ANONYMOUS**

FATHER DOESN'T live here any more.

Although we have become the subjects of horror-stricken comment and even some alienation of affection among our friends, we have sent my father to a home for old men. We could no longer keep him with us and preserve our sanity.



In a certain class of people it seems possible to rob a bank or, in another, to kill a little baby for the coral on its neck and still maintain friendly relations with one's neighbors and intimate associates. Among our class, which is the higher middle group, it seems impossible to keep the regard of one's fellows and still to provide for an aging parent by sending him to a place where others are paid to look after him.

We did not send Father to the poorhouse or the county farm. That would have been unkind. We are paying for his room and board at a private establishment where we or anyone else can visit him whenever it pleases, from which he can go out to visit whenever he desires, and where his companions are of his own station in life. Nevertheless, we are looked upon by our friends as archfiends. I am an ungrateful daughter who has "taken every-



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thing and given nothing"; my husband is a brute who has made me turn Father out into the cold; together we are a heartless couple who think only of our own pleasure and not at all of the gratitude we owe the man who made my life possible. And much of this comment comes from others who have had their aged parents with them and who lacked not the will but only the courage to make the break as we did.

But we do not have guilty consciences.

Last Sunday evening when we returned home, after visiting Father at Brookdale Lodge, our house was our own. Our time was our own. We could put the children to bed and be alone with each other. Father didn't live here any more.

Since the world seems to condemn an action such as ours, someone should state the case for the defense. I love my father but I cannot live with him. I could no longer ask my husband to live with him. It is better for two adults to face the issue and demand a change than to lie in bed night after night, secretly, unwillingly dreaming of ways to free themselves from the outsider in their home. Though I was ashamed of myself and would never have breathed it to a soul, I often hoped that father would get run over or die of pneumonia. Such morbid fancies are not good as constant companions.

### Intruders

Father is in good health. He is seventy-one years old and sturdy for his age. My mother is dead; my only brother lives in Europe; and Father has no brothers or sisters with whom he could stay. There is no reason why he should not live alone, except that he is the most complete social being on the face of the globe. It would be unthinkable for him to have a room by himself anywhere.

When Mother died five years ago, Father was so broken up that there was no question of where he should go. He came to stay with us. Then came the depression, and Father found that he had no money of his own. We had an extra room. He stayed on. Hundreds of families in the United States have faced a similar situation and have reacted to it as we did, saying, and meaning it, "As long as we have a home, Father (or Mother or Aunt Carrie) is welcome to live with us." And hundreds have learned that it simply doesn't work.

The Pattersons seem to be the most fortunate. When Del and Fred got married, Fred's mother came to live with them. Del hates housekeeping, and Mrs. Patterson, senior, loves it. The result is that Del works in an office, Mrs. Patterson runs the house, and the family of three is as happy together as could be imagined. But both Del and Mrs. Patterson are exceptional women, and they understand and appreciate each other thoroughly. There aren't many groups like that. Ours wasn't, and yet it was much better than the Clarks'.

When old Mr. Clark died, Mrs. Clark went to live with her son, Raymond. Ray had been recently married. His wife did not get along with Mrs. Clark, and Mother won. There was a divorce. Ray went abroad, and Mrs. Clark moved in with her daughter, Joan. Two years later, Joan's husband divorced her. I am not saying it was Mrs. Clark's fault — perhaps it wasn't — but there were two divorces in the family, and now Ray, who is married again, will not let his mother stay in his house for more than a week. Tactfully but firmly, he manages to terminate all of her visits at the end of this brief time. Mrs. Clark lives with Joan, who has not married again.

The Wilsons had Ted's father living with them. The three of them got along well enough, and Mary didn't mind, except that she never had a minute alone with Ted. One day old Mr. Wilson overheard her saying this to a neighbor. He went into the garage and hanged himself.

One more case.

Julia Mason invited her mother to come and stay with them after she and John had been married for six years. Her mother was ill and really belonged in a sanitarium, but Julia said, "My home is my mother's." It was. John felt he had no place in it any more. Everything was run to suit Mother's schedule of meals, bedtime, and recreation. Julia could not go out in the evening because her mother refused to be left alone. She finally moved her bed into her mother's room when the old lady developed a propensity for nightmares in which she saw her dead husband beckoning her to follow him. John was discovered in a compromising situation with a girl in his office and admitted that he had been getting from her some of the attentions which his wife denied him. Only the timely death of Mrs. Mason saved this home from total disintegration.



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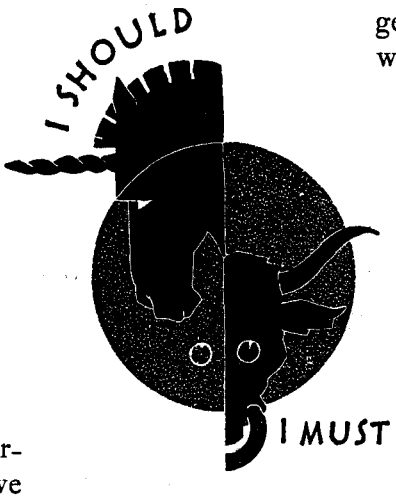
It was when Carl, my husband, took an old girl friend of his to a restaurant for dinner one night, instead of bringing her home, that I began to realize that our household was radically wrong. Remembering the Masons, I knew that I had better do something about it.

For years after we were married, Carl and I enjoyed nothing so much as entertaining our old sweethearts. We were proud of each other, proud of our house, and, which may be unusual, we liked each other's old flames. We found that we had both run true to form in the past in choosing our companions; that Mary and Beth and Hazel were "my type" of girl, while Tommy and George and Wally were Carl's type of fellow. We formed the Old Beaux and Belles Association and welcomed into the group all we could collect out of the past. We even engineered some marriages among them, of which we were very proud. All of us got along perfectly.




Grace was an old girl of Carl's whom I had never met. We often talked about her and looked forward to the day when she would come through our town, stop with us, and get initiated into the B. and B. Finally she came, and Carl took her to a restaurant for dinner. Moreover, he didn't tell me about it, not wanting to hurt my feelings, and I discovered only by one of those accidents that are bound to happen that she had been in town and left without my knowledge. It was then that we had our grand scene, after which we gently but firmly prepared Father for the move to Brookdale Lodge.

### Static

What was the matter with Father? Many of you will know, because you have had or are having similar experiences. For others it may be difficult to explain.

Father is affectionate and appreciative. He made little extra work, and was pleased with simple entertainment. I could leave the children with him when I went shopping and know that they would not set the house on fire. Now that he is gone, we sometimes wonder ourselves what there was that kept our nerves rubbed the wrong way all the time. There were so many things that you could not put your finger on that seem trivial to us now but that counted so frightfully at the time. Edna Ferber has a story of a woman who screamed hysterically one morning because her husband flapped his arms for the hundredth time when he cut off the top of his egg. The court records are full of grounds for divorce that sound not only petty but absurd. In murder stories it is a bloody hand at a window or a hairy, leering face that gets on the heroine's nerves after a while. In real life it is the necessity of discussing the weather in great detail every morning at breakfast or the fact that the offending party always tells one how to mix the biscuits.

Father is a great talker. Being slightly deaf, he does not care a great deal for other folks' conversation but he loves his own. He likes nothing better than entertaining visitors with tales of the Spanish-American War or even the War of Independence, which he has read so much about that he feels almost as though he fought in it himself. He may be said to be an authority on the American Revolution, and the number of times he can drag it into a conversation is simply astonishing. This is a great boon when we have total strangers to entertain or when we want to get rid of people, but it hardly does for our friends. If we are discussing the Five Year Plan, the position of Italy in Ethiopia, a new pattern in crocheting sweaters, or the invention of Cellophane, Father manages to drag in the American Revolution. Not hearing what others are saying, he breaks right into the middle of a sentence with his entirely irrevelant remarks. "Static," our friends call it. Oh yes, the same friends who condemn us for sending him to Brookdale.

Father invariably thought that visitors came to see him. It would no more occur to him to go up to bed or to sit in another room and read when we had guests than it would to keep still and give someone else a chance to talk.

One night when the Petersons dropped in, Father answered the door and talked to them for three quarters of an hour without even telling us that they were there. After the first ten minutes the Petersons took it for granted that



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we weren't home and sat politely, waiting for a chance to break away. We had been in the garden at the back of the house, wondering at our good luck in having so long a time to ourselves, and had just come around to the front when we met them going out the front door. I don't know who were the more astonished, they or we, while Father stood there saying, "Oh! Here you are. These folks have just paid me a little visit."

They had never met Father before. Fortunately, they had a good sense of humor and believed us when we said we had not been trying to avoid them. They came to see us a couple of times again but after a while they stopped coming. The static was too strong.

During a bridge game, it was just as bad. Father does not play, and, according to his way of thinking, the dummy is not playing either. There is no reason, then, why the two of them should not get together for a little talkfest. Father shifted his chair from one side of the bridge table to another, talking not only to the dummy but to everyone else who could not help but listen. Trying to play a hand against a background of the American Revolution or the games Father played when he was a boy had its disadvantages. It can be seen from this that we had very infrequent bridge parties at our house.

When we were invited out, Father always took it for granted that he was to go along and was sitting in the car, all ready for us, when we closed the front door. If we told him we were not going to take him, his feelings were hurt. Somehow, we seldom had the courage to hurt his feelings; instead we suffered ourselves and made our friends suffer. "The poor old man," we said. "He has so few pleasures; it doesn't really hurt us to take him along." But it did hurt us. We lost our friends. The Petersons and the Blakes and the Johnsons visited with other folks when they wanted an evening of quiet conversation or of bridge.

### Father Minds Our Business

Father is also a great tinkerer. He is never so happy as when "fixing" something and was, in that way, of great assistance, as he could mend a burned-out iron cord or flush out a stopped-up sink, saving me the necessity of stopping my work until Carl got home or of calling in a man from outside. But the same ability which made him handy made him eager to direct others in their work, which was not always so pleasant for the others.

One could do nothing without his advice, from playing games to mixing a batter. We have had many maids leave us in tears because they could not stand to have an old man tell them how to sweep or dust. When Father came to live with us, our garden went completely to seed. Carl used to enjoy working in it when he got home in the evening, but he could not bear to have Father stand beside him every time and tell him how to dig.

Father believes that when someone is reading he is idle. We were never allowed to sit quietly with a book, for picking one up was the immediate signal for conversation. Both Carl and I are fond of reading and used to spend many of our evenings in this pursuit, after the children were put to bed, but not when Father was with us.

If he lacked for conversational material, Father would read us items in the newspapers, even though we told him, at the start, that we had seen the item. This inability ever to have a quiet moment to ourselves was as lacerating to the nerves as was our inability ever to be alone together. The children could be sent to bed; Father couldn't.

Father was very critical of what he called our "parsimoniousness." He thought we were "too close" with our money, though he was our dependent, without a cent of his own with which to buy a postage stamp, and had gotten that way more or less because of his own lack of parsimony.

He saw no reason why company could not always be asked to stay to dinner on a minute's notice, and the answer, that we didn't have enough in the house to eat, was simply no answer at all to him.

"Well, you shouldn't count the potatoes," Father would say. "You ought to have enough so that you always could have guests stay if they wanted to."

Not counting the potatoes was a symbol of Father's open-handedness. He had come from a large family and had been used, in his youth, to seeing vast quantities of food on the table and in the larder. He had earned enough during his productive years to afford his ego the satisfaction of having visible signs of plenty on the table and at seventy-one he had not got out of



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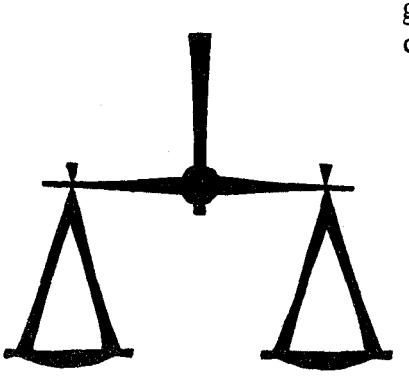
the habit. If I sent him to the store for a loaf of bread, he brought back two loaves and a sack of flour, just in case my supply was getting low. Since he would not eat leftovers, I either had to fix him something special or waste more food than we could afford.

In other ways Father was equally concerned with my expenditures. Why didn't I buy my clothes at So-and-so's? he would ask, saying that my friend Jane always bought hers there and she looked much nicer than I did. The fact that Jane's husband made three times Carl's income did not matter; I should have had as good clothes as Jane, and all of my explanation of why I didn't failed to register. Being hard of hearing, Father didn't have to listen to my arguments if he didn't want to. Every time we had a guest he would bring up the subject again.

"That's a nice dress you have on. I don't see why my daughter doesn't buy her clothes at So-and-so's."

If we went to the movies, balcony seats were never good enough for Father, although it did not bother him to climb the stairs. Nicer people, he said, sat in the orchestra seats, and he had to sit there too. It was easier to give in to him than to hear the subject thrashed out over and over again, often in front of others. He made us feel as though we were stingy, a very unpleasant feeling to live with day after day, though Carl and I agree beautifully on finances and are perfectly happy when left to our own ways of spending money. He thought, too, that the children did not have enough toys and ordered sent out from the stores elaborate gadgets that we had to return, amidst much lamentation on the part of our young. Explaining to a child why he cannot have something which Grandpa said he could have becomes arduous and thankless. In this instance, the children always took the side of Grandfather.



### The Self-Made Martyr

In many ways Father treated me as though I also were seven years old. He took books away from me and hid them, because he thought they were not fit for me to read, or took exception to some of my women friends who, he thought, used too much rouge or unladylike language. When he didn't like a friend of mine he let everyone know it, and invariably I lost the friend. Father could be very rude when he wanted to be, nor was he above lying, saying that I was out when I was in or otherwise sending away someone whom he did not want me to see. On one occasion, when I made a stand for my independence, his feelings became very badly hurt.

"I'm seventy-one years old," he said, his voice quavering. "I have lived a long time and seen a good many different kinds of people. That girl is no good, I tell you. She smokes. She paints. She uses bad words. I don't want her around you. She's not a good influence for you."

"But, Father," I argued as gently as I could, "I'm not a child. I'm a grown woman. For ten years I earned my own living in Chicago, among all kinds of people and many kinds which even you have never seen. I'm thirty-five years old. I've taken care of myself for a long time. Besides, everyone smokes and uses lipstick, and all Betty says is . . ."

Father stopped me.

"Don't say those words," he cried.

"Do I say anything about your friendship with old Mr. King who spits tobacco juice all over our front porch?" I asked. "We are both grown up, Father. Let's each choose our own friends."

But I had gone too far.

"Joe King and I have known each other for fifty years," Father said, tears in his eyes. "Now you say he shouldn't come to see me. I know I'm a burden to you but I'll not be here long."

Which did I value more, my Father's feelings or my friendship with Betty? Stated thus, it looks as though Father should win, and he did, but it was just another straw on the back of the already overburdened camel.

One who has never lived with the constantly reiterated refrain, "I may be a burden to you but I'll be gone some day," has no idea of the amount of antagonistic feeling it engenders.

If I failed to answer a question Father asked, though I may have been trying to read and deliberately shutting my ears to the clamor of the



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children and other distracting noises, I would hear the plaintive note, "I know I am a burden to you, but you might answer my question."

If I had my hands in flour and failed to respond immediately when Father wanted me to come into the next room to hear him read an item from the paper, I heard it again: "I know it's a lot of trouble for you to have me around, but it won't be for long."

And if we had something he did not like for dinner, a stew, for instance, after an expensive orgy of roast beef, Father would sound the old, reliable refrain, "You might have something I like once in a while, Daughter. I know I am a burden to you but I won't be here for long, and after I'm gone you can have stew or eggplant or anything you want."

During the first few months, I tried to remonstrate with him, to show him that his accusations of neglect were absurd, but I soon gave up. Many have been the times when Carl and I have both clenched our fists, shut our jaws tightly, and waited trembling in the hope that we would not yell before the end of the inevitable sentence. We longed to shout, "You *are* a burden, but only because you talk about it so much. We hope you *are* gone soon, but only because you can't shut up."

The fact was, Father got much more patient answers than the children did, when he asked foolish questions, and much more attention to his meaningless chatter than Jackie and Sister. I could even tell Carl to be quiet, I wanted to read; but I couldn't tell Father. His feelings would have been hurt. I could tell Jackie I wouldn't take him out riding in the car with me but I couldn't say that to Father. I could tell Jackie that the biggest and juiciest ear of corn was being saved especially for his daddy but I couldn't tell Father to take another when he chose the piece someone else wanted. Lest there be the slightest suspicion of discrimination against him, all discrimination had to be in favor of Father.

Some of these complaints are of primary importance, and some are distinctly trivial, but it was the very triviality of the latter that made life so irksome — their triviality and their frequency. More and more often Carl and I would give each other a hateful, searing answer because we had to "take it out" on someone. More and more often Carl would slam out of the house and not return all evening. He wouldn't say why he was going, but I knew. Static! Our nerves were constantly on the raw because of the presence of a man whom everyone thought a genial old soul, though somewhat of a nuisance.

### First and Second Childhood

In the matter of training our children we could point to an interference that was vital.

Father, having little to do, had plenty of time to devote to the youngsters and spoiled them one minute, denying them something that was their due the next.

If Jackie was socked by a neighbor's child, he was picked up and comforted until, from a rather independent, hardy little soul, our son became a tattletale and a crybaby. If Sister wanted some candy, she got it, no matter what laws on candy eating we had lain down. If we protested, Father would say, "Your mother doesn't want you to have any. She can't afford it" — which was neither true nor good for our child.

We wanted to give our children a sensible religious training that would furnish them with ideas on God and the universe which they would not have to discard when they got older, but Father filled their little minds with tales of heaven and hell that would test the faith of any but a martyr.

One night Sister woke up screaming with fright. It took half an hour of soothing before I got her quieted down enough to tell me what was the matter. The devils of hell had gotten hold of her, she said, and were pulling her teeth out.

"Who told you such nonsense?" I demanded.

"Grandpa said there are devils in hell and if I'm not good they'll tear me to pieces the way I tore the wings off that fly this afternoon and he scolded me."

"It hurt the poor little fly to tear its wings off," I said. "That's the only reason why you shouldn't have done it. You just forget all about hell. Little girls needn't worry about such things."

But she did worry about it, for weeks.

There are many people, even today, who teach their children through fear of the known or unknown, but that was one of the things Carl and I were never going to do. Nor could I tell the youngsters to disregard their grand-



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father. It was bad enough, when their table manners didn't suit and they countered with, "Grampa eats that way," to have to say that Grandfather was wrong; we couldn't always be telling them Grandfather was wrong, even when we believed he was.

In the matter of sex education we again ran up against the snag of Grandfather.

From their earliest days, we taught the children to call parts of the body by their proper names, yet their Grandfather was shocked at this and scolded Jackie for an hour for making a remark innocent of everything but childish wonder at life. Our boy took the scolding very much to heart, for according to his (and our) standards he had done nothing naughty.

"Are you Grampa's little girl?" he asked me, and I replied that I was.

"Then if Grampa had a little girl," our son continued, reasonably enough, "he must know where babies come from. Why did he tell me they were found in cabbage patches? Didn't his wife tell him she was going to have a baby?"

I'm afraid our explanation of Grandfather's attitude left Jackie with the feeling that his Grandfather was too old to know some things which little boys are not too young to know if they keep their mouths shut, a very confusing philosophy indeed.

Father thought that children should be in bed at sunset and up whenever they felt like it in the morning, which meant as early, not as late, as they desired. We preferred to let the children stay up until they got reasonably sleepy, and then they would sleep late enough in the mornings to give us a chance to rest too. But every evening after dinner we went through the same arguments as to the children's bedtime.

Father thought that children should be seen and not heard. We preferred to let them take part in the conversation as long as they didn't hog the floor.

Father thought every order should be obeyed without question. We tried to point out the reasons behind our requests.

Jackie was inclined to be a little stubborn. Though he would always gladly obey a suggestion, a command was inclined to cause him to want to do just the opposite. Father commanded and brought out the worst in our son.

In other words, Father tried to have us bring up our children as he had been brought up and, in a measure, as I had. But I couldn't tell him that I had left home at nineteen because I could no longer stand the methods he was now trying to impose upon our children. His feelings would have been hurt.

### We Manage without Arsenic

If it had been Carl's father who was with us, I think I could have borne it better in many ways. It was watching my husband's trials of patience, my husband's frayed nerves that finally undermined my own. After all, the old man was my father. He had been responsible for my being; he had played with me through an average-happy childhood; he had paid for my education and indulged many of my youthful fancies. Though I had left home to live my own life before I was out of my teens, I loved my father and, when things got too bad, I could call to mind his sweetness in the past, grit my teeth, and stand it. Once I was a squalling brat who kept Father awake too, but he didn't send me to an orphanage for all that.

But it was when I watched Carl that my heart was sorest. Carl never complained. Carl never said, "Let's give the old man some arsenic in his tea," though he confessed later that he had lain awake many a night wishing he could do so. Carl even agreed that we had to take Father on our vacation with us, though we were leaving the children with a neighbor. He only got that weary look in his eye oftener and oftener. He stayed at the office after hours, though he had no work to do, and he played golf when he didn't want to, just to be away from home. And, when Grace came to town, he took her to a restaurant to dinner instead of bringing her home.

I saw then that we couldn't live this way much longer. We talked it over and then told Father that we had arranged for him to live at Brookdale Lodge. The hurt feelings that followed were not nearly as bad as we had been anticipating. When we had him settled in his room at Brookdale, it had all been much easier than we ever suspected it would.

Our friends are still horrified, but they'll get used to it. They are already beginning to realize that once again they can call upon us and talk without "static." But we are not anxious, as yet, to have too many friends come to visit us. We are enjoying our privacy too much to break it.



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# The Right to Die

*by* **ZONA GALE**

RECENT DISCUSSION in the British press regarding euthanasia for the incurably ill and suffering or for the mentally unfit presents, once more, the question of the right to take life.

Expediency or pity or desire to spare pain might decide for euthanasia — certainly time presents many another circumstance in which death has been accepted as remedy or code or religious obsession. There were, or are, the "exposure" of the old and ill, to further the good of the state; the drowning of children of excess populations; the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of boys to settle an economic difficulty; capital punishment, to avenge a crime or to protect society; the "unwritten law" to avenge a husband's (not a wife's) honor; the convention of burning widows (not widowers) on funeral pyres to preserve eternal unity — not to mention the history of bloody sacrifice for spiritual considerations. All these left bloody banners from past or present. All these dealings-out-of-death either have been or are still called good. Now, in this succession, comes the proposed administering of death in order to administer mercy.

When the healing of sick bodies and sick minds shall have become the science which we foresee, we may well look back upon this new proposal, of the melodious name and the mercy motive, as yet being of kind and kin with those which have preceded it.

Man seems obsessed to use killing as an antidote. Outlaw one form of inducing death, and another arises. Only when the race realizes that, no matter how disguised, mankilling is a primitive impulse, to be outgrown like any other form of inadequacy, will killing, as a social program for anything, receive its general quietus.

So, as to this new death ideal, it is not only that judgment is not always definitive on incurables and it is not only that private advantage might be taken of the legalizing of such deathdealing — for that objection has been raised when many an institution was proposed (perhaps even when juries and police and political office arose!). Nor is it only a doubt of the effect upon the administrators themselves of this act of mercy — after all, judges in criminal courts do survive and thrive after years of imposing death sentences, and the effect of carrying out these sentences on lethal-chamber executioners and hangmen has not yet been tabulated. (How, one wonders in passing, would the new procedure be developed? Should society require the physician himself to perform the act, licensing him to deal death whenever his judgment or the judgment of his consultants declared death to be merciful? Or should we develop a brand-new profession, vested in men to be summoned by the physician when required, licensed death distributors, paid to perform the actual mercy act? Or should the patient himself be allowed — the family consenting?)

II

NO, PRIMARILY it is not even these considerations. With euthanasia, as with suicide, it is, in a word, that we are ignorant of ourselves and of our state. It is that, taken at its best, any form of deathdealing to mankind by mankind, after life is formed and functioning and the spirit is tenant, recalls William James's little dog, destroying an object which he could not name, whose purpose and future he could not know, whose repayment, taking place before him, he could not even dimly comprehend; and who stood at the scene of the whole transaction, with no least inkling of its significance or its implications. We, in our mercy killings, would resemble that little dog.

Further, and again in passing: Why not postpone the idea of these merciful killings until after we have ceased, in mercy, deliber-



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ately to induce in our young manhood the torture and bloodshed and crippling and shell-shock of a social practice already current?

If life were known to be circumscribed indeed by birth, breath, death, and nothing to follow, it is possible to consider a living being as determining the length of his own or another's survival. But who assumes that life is so circumscribed, save those who, though being so positive, can know, of course, nothing about it?

Given even the bare possibility that life is a longer pilgrimage, made up of sequences of which our present period of awareness marks only one, it is reasonable to say that its process is one of growth, like the process of any other life which we know anything about. Now there is no other life that we know anything about which, killed, improves in its own right.

In a world which recognized early, even in its barbarism, the nobility of courage or in any nation which is accustomed to honor "sporting" qualities, it is strange that there should ever have arisen the question (so closely related to euthanasia) of the right to commit suicide. Even though, specifically, suicide involves an act of courage — as it does — yet in general the stamp of cowardice is upon it. The small act of courage is performed that the larger act of courage may be avoided — the courage to meet physical suffering, the courage to face failure or defeat or shame, the courage to be a "burden" (what else are we all at time of our birth and time of our death?). To meet all these, to gain from them what they have to give — and they do give — seems a more robust form of courage than to choose one brief second of courage in which to meet death. The religious would say: "Lo, all these things worketh God oftimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." The rationalist would say: "Whether he brought it upon himself or did not bring it upon himself, why should he not meet it?" The man in the street might be expected to say, "For heaven's sake, be a sport!"

There is a period in human life when the clamor of the external is too great for the silence within to mean much. Everybody faces this period. When the young commit suicide it is because this external clamor is believed to be all that life holds. But many pass through this time and later catch some single voice in their isolation which gives a significance to life. While curiosity and interest in this discovery are uppermost, nobody commits suicide. If that voice is lost, if the strength wanes, if material support fails, if love or courage dies or suffering threatens or if the "burden" fear arises, a certain percentage will choose death. They will do this either (1) because they are thinking of only their personal physical situations or, and more rarely, (2) because they are thinking of life as primarily a social experience. But the one who really thinks of life as primarily a spiritual adventure — that is, an adventure of the unknown upon and into the unknown, an adventure in the evolutionary process — that one will see it through.

## III

We, moving in dream, look at the stars with no real divination of them; at comets, the aurora borealis; at death and at sleep; at certain processes and pathologies of the body; at all of the human brain except one fifth of one hemisphere — and we know about all these so little that we are accustomed to say the next thousand years will begin to introduce us to ourselves. And ourselves, the I, "that which" cognizes, is the greatest mystery of them all.

Before the War, Madame Curie was one of a group to be endowed by the French Government "for the study of the phenomenon of death." Professors send out questionnaires in the hope of running down a little witness to the phenomena of sleep and dream; scientists stand in their laboratories in the presence of forces whose functions and natures they can but dimly divine. Psychologists tell us that the mind is virtually uncharted, that these years to come will give us knowledge of our own latent powers of which we have now but the faintest intimations. They see us entering upon areas of perception, powers of co-ordination, enhancements of personality now undivined. In the Middle Ages the astronomers, the chemists, the physicists were called "occultists." Hidden knowledge, scientific and otherwise, has been tapped, but hardly more.

The Being, the heir to all this, the trustee by whom all this is to be uncovered to us — that one has no knowledge of what he does when he ends his own life, to what savage sin of shattered process he may have lent himself. And what right has this supremely ignorant being



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to end the life of another, whether in mercy or for any other motive?

But why, after all, is one committed to co-operation in extensions of living and being, committed even to construction instead of to destruction? Evidently it is a question for only the highest civilizations to meet. Evidently we are emerging only now from that area in which destruction was thought desirable or at least defensible. But we *are* emerging, and now, together with war and other murder, suicide takes its place — a form of interruption, of disorder, of reversal of process.

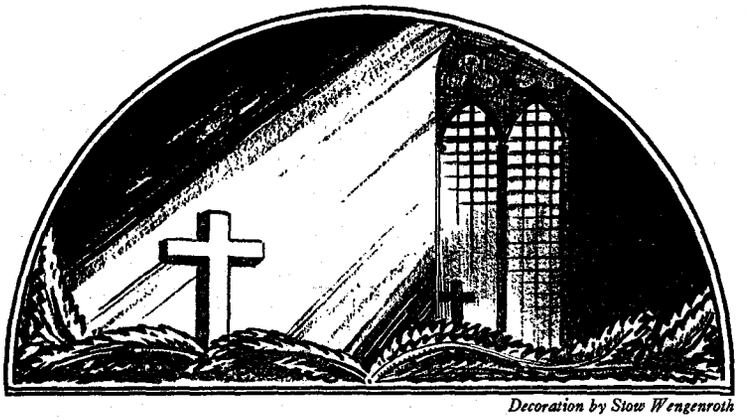
The idea of suicide, with its twin brother, euthanasia, belongs to the fundamentally antisocial mind. This mind, indeed, now may desire ardently the good of the group, now long may have outgrown the primitive justification of murder as a form of defense or as a method of acquiring food, and long may have assumed those first stirrings of social obligation to let others live; but such a mind is still, in a larger sense, essentially antisocial in justifying murder, whether of self or of another. No truly social-minded person murders another or commits any violence to any creature in the group, including himself. This curious antisocial idea that we own and control our individual selves, holding over them the power of life and death, is the last survival of our acceptance of the feudal lord's power of life and death, of "the King can do no wrong," and is, really, one of our most ludicrous forms of delusion of grandeur.

Said Carlyle:

> There is but one temple in the universe, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. . . . We are the miracle of miracles — the great mystery.

And what if within that temple does indeed live the spirit, the manifestation in us of the divine intelligence; what if it is upon its own path of evolution, as exquisite and scrupulous as is the evolutionary process which we can observe and record; what if man has not yet even imagined that lonely progress of the "I," the essential "I"; what if the religions of the world are more than slave psychology, more than desire to escape, to compensate; what if there are those who have had intimations, not to be rationalized upon, of our destiny as participants in a spiritual evolution, toward which our only path is conduct — is, if you like, self-control and recognition of brotherhood and of those like expressions of the spirit within, ever delicately directing? What then shall be said of the bull of murder, in any form, in the china shop of our still-veiled equilibriums? . . .

If one likes to feel positive, one may as well feel positive, I think, about the policy of that bull.



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# Take the Profit out of Kidnaping

*by* **RICHARD LEE STROUT**

BIG BLACK HEADLINES told the story, from one end of the country to the other, how the frantic parents of nine-year-old George Weyerhaeuser had $200,000 in ransom money ready for the kidnapers, while local police and federal agents kept hands off. Edition after edition of the newspapers told how every facility was being opened to the criminals to secure easy payment of the money they boldly demanded. The parents pleaded with the kidnapers to come and take their notes; the assistants of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, promised to close their eyes and call a temporary truce, according to the customary procedure followed by American officials when a kidnaping occurs. The public read the news with breathless excitement, theoretically loathing the crime but at the same time accepting the truce as a good sporting proposition — giving the kidnapers $200,000 in cash and a headstart and then seeing whether they were clever enough to escape the nationwide man hunt that would begin the minute the victim hobbled back to his home.

How many parents shuddered in reading those headlines?

$200,000 IS READY
FOR BOY'S CAPTORS

Thus the conservative *New York Times* put it, on May 31, 1935. How many parents wondered if this were not simply an invitation to every potential kidnaper in the underworld to come out from his jungle and abduct some other child, with the knowledge that warm-hearted police and so-called G men would keep hands off until the money had been scraped together, parceled up, and delivered? Yet this was and is the characteristic procedure followed by local and federal officers in case after case of kidnaping — co-operating with the criminals after the deed, granting an amnesty while the victim is returned, and, in short, conniving in the commission of the basest crime in the list of American rackets.

The fact is, of course, that a good many police do not favor this procedure. They think, however, that it is what the public demands. But it is not the procedure followed abroad. In other countries kidnaping has never become established because ransoms are out of the question, no matter what the circumstances — and the criminals know it. In America, there can be little question of the further fact that sporadic kidnaping continues because, despite all the efforts of able federal officials to stop it, kidnaping has and in some cases still does pay, after its own dirty fashion.

Up to a point, Mr. Hoover, head of the "G" men and Nemesis of kidnapers, agrees with this viewpoint. If an antiransom law like that of England or Canada could be passed *and enforced* in the United States, he believes, kidnaping would come to a brief end; but he does not believe any such statute could be enforced. The American people are not like the English and Canadians, he argues; they "would not stand for such a law."

Yet, if the American public really would not stand for it, what does this attitude mean?

To make a bold, bald, and somewhat brutal statement, it

***The time is coming when American parents will find their native land as safe a place as Europe in which to educate their children. The next step in our war on kidnaping is to take the profits out by making ransoms illegal. American sentimentality is a fine thing, but it is misplaced when it coddles the fraternizing of police with criminals and temporizes with ransoms. Congress should line up with the more civilized countries and outlaw ransom money. Lest this prove unconstitutional, each State should at once pass laws forbidding the payment of any ransom money.***



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means that kidnaping continues in the United States because the public is too sentimental to stop it.

### A Kidnaping in Canada

John S. Labatt is and was a brewer of London, Ontario. In the summer of 1934 he was kidnaped, and a demand for $150,000 ransom was made by his abductors. Why should American kidnapers get all the dividends, his Canadian captors seemed to argue, when they could initiate a prosperous home industry?

Everyone knows what the procedure would have been if the Labatt kidnaping had occurred across the border. Relatives and police would have co-operated in raising the money and meeting the criminals' terms; an hysterical press would have implored the kidnapers to come forward and collect the sum; the rules of the extraordinary game would have been followed, and the agents of the law would have compounded a felony with as unscrupulous a gang of law violators as modern civilization has produced.

What did Canada do? Why, she immediately put Hugh Labatt, brother of the victim (who had shown a disposition to raise the money) under surveillance. His solicitor, too, H. G. Ivey by name, shared the same treatment. The authorities began an immediate and relentless search for the kidnapers, while every announcement carried by the press emphasized that there was not the slightest possible chance of a ransom forthcoming.

Those must have been bad hours for the kidnapers! One can imagine their outraged feelings at this flouting of the tenderest human sentiments of their captive's relatives. But there could be no doubt about it: Mr. Labatt, instead of being an asset, was a liability. They could, of course, then and there have slit his throat. But, after all, what was the use of adding murder to what was obviously already a nasty *faux pas?*

The simple facts are these: sixty-five hours after Mr. Labatt had been seized, he was returned — safe. So far as is known, no part of the proposed ransom was ever paid. And, so far as is known, no important Canadian kidnaping has occurred since.

Take another illustration.

On June 5, 1935, Antonio San Miguel, seventy-five-year-old President of the Guantanamo & Western Railway, in Cuba, was kidnaped. A heavy ransom — $286,000 — was demanded. The Cuban officials immediately arrested Dr. Pedro Sotolongo, solicitor of the kidnaped man, Simon Martija, his valet, and F. Bartes, vice president of the railway, not because they were implicated in the crime but because they were felt to be under strong temptation to pay the ransom! On June 9 the elderly Cuban was released by his captors — unharmed. No ransom was paid, so far as known, then or later.

How undramatic the whole thing was! There was many a newspaperman in America, probably, who subconsciously deplored the tame denouement. Few stories sell editions like a good kidnaping. How emotions are rasped — first astonishment, then horror, then a sporting interval while the ransom is paid, then the complications of detective story and murder mystery, then the blood lust of a man hunt, and finally the trial — big court scenes, sex interest if possible! How dull the countries which have antiransom laws and no kidnapings!

Proposals to prohibit ransoms have been made in the United States. This is what, for example, Dr. Carleton Simon, criminologist of the New York Association of Police Chiefs, told the annual convention of the International Association of Police Chiefs, in Chicago in 1933:

> Take the profit out of kidnaping, and it would stop.
>
> Ignore ransoms, and kidnapers would have nothing for which to fight. They would abandon a business which paid no dividends.
>
> If such an attitude were adopted there would be a few martyrs at first — a few who would fall in the front-line trenches — but society would benefit ultimately.

"A few martyrs." Would the American public stand for it?

A great many people believe the public is ready to stand for it. A great many other people, including the men who run the Department of Justice and the Bureau of Investigation, believe it would not.

They cite the instance of Governor Lehman of New York, immediately after the Lindbergh kidnaping. Governor Lehman proposed an antiransom law. The New York Legislature was horrified. What! Sacrifice the life of the little Lindbergh baby, merely in the tenuous hope that kidnaping as a whole will cease? Never! The attitude was certainly under-



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standable. Governor Lehman hastily forgot the idea, and the Legislature, evidently feeling that it had to pass *some* sort of law, enacted a statute increasing the penalty for kidnaping, on the time-honored but exploded theory that you can cope with complicated social and governmental ills merely by making the punishment a little stronger.

### Outlawing Ransom

Few people will question the right of the state to forbid ransom payments, if it so desires. The state, in emergencies, can do about what it likes with us. For example, in the World War the state required you and me, let us say, to enter the army, go to France, and risk our lives for the good of the public. In the current war on criminals, why should not the state demand just as emphatically the necessary martyrs, if needed, in order that your children and mine shall be safe from the outrageous terror of kidnaping?

The arguments presented in Washington against this proposal for striking at the economic root of kidnaping are sufficiently formidable, at first glance. At the outset, let it be said that the Department of Justice has actually given the antiransom idea some attention. Homer S. Cummings, the Attorney General, for one, has considered the proposal and has not rejected it offhand. But would an antiransom law be enforced?

The arguments against the law run somewhat as follows: America is a sentimental nation; it is true that England and other English-speaking countries have antiransom laws, but these lands are somehow different from the United States; even the Canadian example is hard for Americans to follow. An antiransom law is too brutal, too Spartan, in fact too un-American; it would become a dead letter; it would drive kidnaping underground, so that parents and relatives would pay the amount demanded without seeking the intervention of the police.

The final, theoretically crushing argument, frequently runs like this: Would you permit one of your own children to go unransomed? You have three children; would you sacrifice any one of them? Of course you would not; you would move heaven and earth to regain them, lawfully or unlawfully, and would spend your last cent for the purpose. Furthermore, no jury in the country would convict you for making a ransom payment, no matter how severe the law.

Let us examine these points one by one.

In the first place, it is argued that no jury would convict a parent for paying ransom.

This contention must be granted, but it does not seriously affect the case. It is not the primary purpose of the measure to secure a conviction of the parent but to give the government authority to intervene to prevent such ransom from passing and, above all, to serve notice on the underworld that no more huge ransom payments are going to be delivered with the aid of the police.

It is argued, next, that such a law would be responsible for harrowing incidents and cause innocent victims, that America would never see a single child sacrificed, no matter to what social end, if a ransom payment would save its life. The Lindbergh affair is frequently cited.

The answer to this must be in several parts. Judging by the Labatt case in Canada and the similar case cited from Cuba, the safety of the captive may actually be enhanced rather than endangered by the knowledge that no ransom will be paid. In the second place, payment of ransom with the co-operation of the police, as is now customary in the United States, by no means insures the life of the victim, though it invariably tempts others to commit similar crimes. The unfortunate Lindbergh child itself, it will be recalled, had already been done to death before even the first demand for ransom was sent. To cite another case, Brooke Hart, son of a wealthy California merchant, was killed by his two abductors, Thurmond and Holmes, before the demand for ransom was transmitted. In other words, a willingness to "play the game" with scoundrels like kidnapers (already facing the death penalty in many states under the questionable wisdom of the "Lindbergh" laws) has little effect on the ultimate safety of the captive.

Finally, it is asserted (and this is perhaps the strongest argument) that an antiransom law would simply drive the victim's relatives away from the police into the hands of the criminals, drive them to keep the crime secret and pay the money as rapidly as possible.

No final answer can be made to this point: one can only speculate upon it. I am convinced that the first and almost automatic reaction of



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a parent on receiving a kidnap note, no matter how worded, would be to get in touch with the police and to do it instantly; this procedure would be almost as instinctive as a cry for help. The efficient and very commendable record which the Bureau of Investigation under Mr. Hoover has already achieved in this field would be an incentive to this course.

And secrecy would be no small thing to achieve. The mishaps and scandals of family life seem to find their way into newspapers rapidly enough, and the sudden absence of a human being, even a small child, from his customary surroundings would be no easy matter to conceal. The kidnaping of an heir to a great estate, which is a type of crime particularly favored, could hardly pass unnoticed.

There are even today, however, some kidnapings, particularly of underworld characters, which never come to the ears of the police. And one thing must be said in regard to the unrecorded kidnaping: it is almost lacking in contagious qualities. Every screaming headline of a kidnaping crime, whether the perpetrators are ultimately caught or not, sets in train a suggestive excitement which may breed further crimes of the same sort. This is an extremely practical matter. Who can doubt for a minute that every kidnaping after the Lindbergh case was to some extent and in certain respects influenced by it and that, had there been no newspaper publicity and no tragic delivery of $50,000 in ransom in St. Raymond's cemetery in the Bronx, on that dark night of April 2, 1932, for the return of a baby boy already dead, many of the subsequent crimes would not have occurred?

### The Lure of Big Money

KIDNAPING CONTINUES because kidnaping still does occasionally pay big returns; kidnaping will continue, sporadically, until the last chance of profit is gone.

J. Edgar Hoover believes that the economic basis of kidnaping has been pretty well shattered already; that the present roundabout method of dealing with the matter — giving the kidnaper whatever ransom he asks and a good headstart and then chasing him has been so successful that such crimes have already rapidly fallen off; that organized gangs which formerly entered the racket have almost entirely disappeared and that the dangerous game is being left to "individualists" of the Hauptmann type or, more particularly, to the psychopathic type like Thomas H. Robinson, wanted in the Stoll case but still at liberty as this is written.

The Hoover record does suggest that kidnaping has been pretty well deprofitized. Yet, even so, it is very questionable if this answer is final. So long as complete reliance is placed on the police and none on the economic weapon, it is doubtful if the problem will ever be completely solved, for Mr. Hoover himself admits that the latest-style kidnaper is the "individualist," proud of his skill, egotistical, boastful, and intent on committing the "perfect crime" — the man to whom the very activities of the federal agents are an incentive.

Consider the fact that, in a dozen of the most celebrated of Mr. Hoover's kidnapings, only about one third of the money paid out as ransom was ever recovered or, to be exact, that $659,022.35 has not — so far — come back to the ransomers. In the Lindbergh case, it may be recalled, only $14,000 of the original $50,000 was recovered from Hauptmann, while another $5,000 or so subsequently turned up in bills in general circulation.

It is likely that in the less celebrated cases the cash returns to the criminals were smaller. But it is fairly obvious why kidnaping still occurs: despite all the arrests and convictions there is still a bare chance of big dividends. It is a gambler's chance; but, even though nine out of ten who take it end in the cell or on the scaffold, there will always be one more criminal egotist or abnormal character lured by the savage hope of gain.

But there is a rising revolt among thinking people against police co-operation with criminals to make ransom conveyance safe, to the obvious danger of millions of other potential victims of the kidnaper. Today the Department of Justice shows some signs of questioning its whole policy; and it may not be long before the same methods that prevent kidnaping in other stouter-hearted and less sentimental nations will be enforced in the United States.

**In an early issue:**

**"Heaven Is in Harlem"**



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# Pillars of Government

## *Costigan of Colorado*

*by* **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

*Portrait by Karl S. Woerner*

***Senator Edward P. Costigan***

No Senate spellbinder here, no silver-tongued orator to split the ears of the groundlings. No promiser of all things to all men. Not one to bow the knee to power and wealth. Not even one to conceal his thoughts, speak softly because of an election in the offing, or play Jack and Tom and Jim with the next man. Nothing of the domineering, ruthless leader seeking to impose his will upon all who may come along. Costigan of Colorado works in different ways his wonders to perform — the wonder of ceaseless, selfless, exhausting, unremitting toil; the wonder of a man long in public life refusing to take counsel of his fears, never asking what any advocacy may do to him, only whether it be sound, constructive, progressive, in accord with a deep-lying need of the hour; the wonder of a never-ceasing compassion for the disadvantaged; the wonder of a complete devotion to the public weal.

Colorless, some who know not, call Costigan, because he does not stir the Senate to mutiny and rage; because unlike another, lately dead, he is no mountebank dancing for the galleries on feet nimbler than his wanton wits. Colorless, it is said, because he shakes no leonine head to impress his legal lore upon those listening at their desks. Colorless because quiet, too modest, unassuming, self-controlled, he wreaks himself upon his tasks by day and by night to explode only at times and then with astounding force.

In 1930 when Costigan entered the Democratic primary, there was no lack of color when he convinced the members of that party that he should be their choice and went on to defeat the Republican candidate with the greatest majority ever given a candidate for the Senate from Colorado. There was no lack of color when he returned to Colorado after serving twelve years on the United States Tariff Commission and, without benefit of organization, convinced thousands from every walk of life, from the farms, the mines, and the offices, that he was their leader. Crowds came to his meetings from curiosity and left convinced of his sincerity, his ability, and his leadership. Costigan's campaign was the most colorful in Colorado's history. His oratory and ability cannot be questioned.

Nothing colorless about him when he took the witness box in 1915 before the Commission



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on Industrial Relations to say with scorn:

> Society has a right to demand that charity shall no longer cover a multitude of economic sins. Mr. Rockefeller, who appears to the world in the relief afforded Belgium a liberal benefactor, stands convicted before the workers of Colorado as a narrowly biased and visionless moneymaker. Philanthropy so conducted from the beginning of the world to the present day has been a barrier to the correction of economic wrongs. It has promoted aristocracy; it has retarded democratic equality of opportunity; and so considered the Rockefeller Foundation and other like philanthropic undertakings may themselves be counted by this commission vital causes of the present-day industrial unrest.

### COSTIGAN IN ACTION

COSTIGAN WAS burning when he gave that testimony because of the Ludlow massacres of men, women, and children, who were shot or burned alive by soldiers and deputies for daring, when in Rockefeller employ, to strike and fight for the right to a decent wage. He burned deeply when, as a member of the Senate Subcommittee on Manufactures, he cross-examined Walter S. Gifford, head of the great American Telephone and Telegraph Company and then director of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief. Others may have forgotten this. It is safe to say that Mr. Gifford has not. The subject of the hearing was the two bills introduced in the Senate by LaFollette and Costigan on December 9, 1931, to give federal cash aid to the unemployed — something then considered nothing less than heresy. The whole incident is illuminatingly characteristic of Costigan and the thoroughness with which he attacks any problem. He arrived in Washington weeks before the opening of Congress. Mr. Hoover in the White House was unalterably opposed to Costigan's plan. He preferred to have Americans starve rather than to weaken their morale by federal aid — curiously enough local aid is not character-destroying.

> Senator Costigan promptly instituted detailed inquiries into the present and prospective needs rising from unemployment; the adequacy of existing resources . . . and the character and extent of federal aid, if any, which should supplement State and local agencies.

**Integer vitae scelerisque purus.**

THE FORUM *has commissioned Oswald Garrison Villard, a journalist famous for his brilliant criticism of the failings of men in public life, to designate members of Congress whom he considers "good men," statesmen true to their convictions. Can Mr. Villard be as brilliant in praise as he has proved himself to be in condemnation? Senator Costigan is his choice this month. Readers are permitted to bet on next month's hero.*

That was not all he did. He conferred with numerous experts on public and private relief, carried on an enormous correspondence with social workers and State leagues and municipalities without, of course, stopping to inquire in advance what their opinions were. He drew in other members of Congress to the hearings that he held. In addition, he examined official reports and went to the Red Cross and Mr. Gifford's own organization for facts.

> Immeasurable distress and need for relief are clearly revealed throughout this investigation,

he told the Committee and he assured it that the bills were not "products of unthinking impulse." They were just the expression of the shock the result of his investigation produced in him. As in so many other cases, he pioneered in demanding what everyone now takes as a matter of course, as part of the duty of the federal government.

Well, when Mr. Gifford got onto the witness stand he found one Senator who did not propose to handle him with gloves. It took the Senator no time to show that Mr. Gifford and his organization were going ahead with extremely little concrete knowledge of what was the actual situation:

> You have been most indefinite with respect to the needs of the country as a whole.

Mr. Gifford opined that

> it is a human equation that we are dealing with, and we cannot add it up in figures.

> But in any event [Costigan went on], your organization has made no affirmative effort to tabulate the facts with respect to the human needs throughout the United States?

Mr. Gifford could only say, "That is correct." Then Costigan pounced upon Mr. Gifford's statement that his organization was seeking by advertisement to arouse people locally to giving. Didn't he think it would be a more dignified or effective procedure to turn to taxable resources for meeting the difficulties? Well, Mr. Gifford was theoretically for the tax system, but he could only remember that in normal times we had community chests and in view of the grave situation,



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> I think [he said] it is a dangerous thing to change the practice, whatever the final evolution may be

— which must make sad reading for Mr. Gifford today.

> It is your feeling that we, as a people, ought to follow the practice of advertising ourselves into the thrill of great spiritual experiences?

Costigan went on with relentless determination. Mr. Gifford did not know that he liked such advertisting, but, as it was more or less the established practice, we were faced with not a theory but a practical question — how else "are we going to get what we need?" (Mr. Costigan had taken those words, "thrill of a great spiritual experience," out of one of Mr. Gifford's nationwide advertisements of October, 1931.)

Mr. Gifford did not know how much aid was needed nor how many people were in need and could not give any "very accurate information" as to the funds which had actually been raised under his organization and by the various States and counties! He did not know what States would not be able to help themselves over the winter nor how many States had constitutional limitations that prevented their acting to help themselves. Naturally Senator Costigan flared back at him:

> How are you able to conclude as to the needs of a State in view of your advice to this committee that you do not know those needs?

And, finally, when it came to the question of unemployment, Mr. Gifford was quite hopeful (in January, 1932) of an immediate improvement in conditions. Instantly Senator Costigan demanded facts, and Mr. Gifford had to confess that he did not base his hopes on reports from governors and State committee chairmen because he had none such.

> You really have no information which you consider of value for our purposes?

Mr. Gifford could say only that he had no other way of getting such information except to "telephone around to the members" of his organization!

### Champion of the Underdog

Costigan still burns within today because of many wrongs. He will burn within as long as he lives. But he holds his emotions in check, perhaps lest they sweep him away, perhaps lest he lose the influence which is his by too frequent and too earnest appeals to those so often unmoved and uncomprehending. But go to him with any righteous cause and you will have his sympathy and, if possible, his aid — his counsel, of course, and since that is wise and shrewd it is sought after by many, day in, day out. Still waters flow deep — if you doubt this, probe Costigan to his depths, and you will find that there is no social wrong or injustice which does not set him to vibrating in protest.

One may well wonder how some men, in whose veins compassion and sympathy course with their blood, stand the strain when never-ending tales of cruel waste of human lives and of wrong, suffering, and injustice, yes, even of torture, are daily poured into their ears. For this one must have a sincere, a trusting, a devout, and a believing nature; otherwise one's emotions would be burned out or one would go on the rocks of callous cynicism. One must have the ability to absorb oneself in a mass of work to keep from thinking too much, to keep one's balance. All of that Edward P. Costigan has in fullest measure, so that his magnificent passion for those who suffer will surely never consume itself while he breathes.

Of Costigan it has been written that he is

> a pathetic, personal illustration of the travail of an intelligent man seeking a place in American politics.

But he is anything but pathetic, however limited he may find the circle of his close and confidential friends, however lonely he may feel at times. No man is pathetic who has stuck to his guns and gone on to repeated victories while others have fallen by the wayside. His great personal following has stood with him while he fought for the rights of the miners, when one risked one's life to do so and was lucky not to be beaten up frequently. They saw him espouse Prohibition, honestly and sincerely, when it was not popular to do that. They were with him when he organized in Denver the Honest Election League, the Law Enforcement League, when he was attorney for the Anti-Saloon League in local option cases, when he was chairman of the Dry Denver Campaign Commission, when he backed direct primaries and direct legislation, when he was President of the Civil Service Reform League and leader of the Citizens' Party, which swept his city in 1912.



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Naturally Costigan grew out of his city. In 1912 the Bull Moosers made him their candidate for Governor, and Theodore Roosevelt wrote him a long campaign letter denouncing the boss and corporation rule of Denver and saying many things he forgot to voice when he was in the White House. The Republicans tried to wean Costigan away by offering him their nomination for Governor. He refused, and was beaten, and beaten again in 1914. He has fought on the Republican, Progressive, and Democratic tickets, changing his parties, as he once said, but never changing himself or his beliefs and principles. Today he is a leader of the Democratic Party. Legislation for human relief, which he sponsored jointly with Senator Robert LaFollette, Jr., during the closing days of the Hoover Administration, was made immediately the cornerstone of the Roosevelt legislative program.

It is significant that Costigan has been a trusted ally of the two great progressive presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. For him the Bull Moose platform was a charter of liberty; but he has gone far beyond it. To use his own words, he is enlisted in

> the same, long, age-old fight of those idealists who stand for the good of humanity against those betrayers of the human race whose only purpose is the aggrandizement of the few. I care not what name may be applied for the moment in these successive battles in the war for humanity against the powers of greed.

### Costigan Stands His Ground

In December, 1934, he issued his Fourteen Points — it is significant of his growing influence that it was carried in full by the Associated Press. This program included higher-speed public works on a much larger scale, the social-security legislation now in some degree adopted, and the principles of the Wagner labor bill, also enacted into law at the last session. He was for more aid for the veterans; against tax-exempt securities; for increased government control of credit and currency. He urged a bill to curb the private electric-power interests and to strengthen municipal and federal power projects and undertakings — he is for government ownership and operation of all public utilities. Then, as always, he stood for higher income, gift, and estate taxes; for blotting out the national disgrace of lynching; for the control of our munitions industry, coupled with international and national measures to avert war. Yes, he is an internationalist — let all who will, tremble. That means that he voted for our entry into the World Court and for the recent legislation to safeguard our neutrality. He is for every possible means of controlling war, either by the United States alone or in concert with other powers; he knows what a humbug and a failure the World War was and he is bitterly opposed to American intervention by force of arms anywhere in Central or South America. In other words, he is a highly civilized man, who sees that, if the world cannot conquer war, war will destroy it.

But this by no means exhausts the positions Costigan has taken. His battle with Senator Wagner for the removal of the greatest disgrace to our country — the lynching of human beings, white or black — was magnificent, and was lost in the last session, after a filibuster of eight days, only because of Franklin Roosevelt's faint-heartedness and the pitiful prejudices and passions of certain Southern Senators before whom the President yielded ground.

For the Wagner labor bill, with its assurance to the workers of the right to collective bargaining, of the end of the company union, and of an independent federal labor board — the first two were promised in the NRA but never enforced — Senator Costigan naturally stood. He voted for the income-tax publicity, and for the Guffey coal bill, which he helped to shape with unsurpassed knowledge gained as counsel for the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, of which the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Josephine Roche, is the enlightened head and owner — her devoted friendship for the Senator and Mrs. Costigan is one of their most cherished possessions. When the income-tax publicity was defeated, the Senator drafted an amendment, regulating the access of the various authorities to this information, which was gladly accepted and voted by both houses of Congress. He is for the bonus, no matter what the President, whom he always upholds when he can, and others may think.

Long months before the wiping out of the NRA by the Supreme Court, Costigan anticipated it. On January 4, 1935, the first day when bills could be introduced in that session of Congress, Costigan offered this joint resolution for a Constitutional amendment of which we may hear in the years to come:



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Section 1. The Congress shall have power to regulate hours and conditions of labor and to establish minimum wages in any employment and to regulate production, industry, business, trade, and commerce to prevent unfair methods and practices therein.

Section 2. The due-process-of-law clauses of the Fifth and Fourteenth amendments shall be construed to impose no limitations upon legislation by the Congress or by the several States with respect to any of the subjects referred to in Section 1, except as to the methods or the procedure for the enforcement of such legislation.

Section 3. Nothing in this article shall be construed to impair the regulatory power of the several States with respect to any of the subjects referred to in Section 1, except to the extent that the exercise of such power by a State is in conflict with legislation enacted by the Congress pursuant to this article.

The brevity and clarity of this resolution and its comprehensive character are all the more interesting in view of the frank confession of Walter Lippmann, press pundit extraordinary, that he found himself unable to draft any workable amendment and in view of Raymond Moley's refusal to accept Lippmann's public challenge that he do the drafting.

It is Costigan who looks ahead and supplies the brains, who breaks ground, as witness his leadership in the case of soil erosion, his ungranted demand for a census of the unemployed, his insistence on government aid to State school systems. Naturally he voted against our huge naval appropriations and as enthusiastically fought for the public-utility bill, even to the famous "death sentence." In the entire Congress there is no more ardent protagonist of free speech and the preservation of the daily violated rights of free assembly and fair trial by a jury of one's peers — no one is keener than he to recognize the growing danger of Fascism and the absolute necessity of defending the fundamental principles of this republic if it is to survive.

### Resourceful Leadership

As Senator from Colorado, two difficult problems at once confronted Costigan. It is a gold- and silver-mining State and it contains a large and powerful beet-sugar industry. The latter became increasingly prosperous under high Republican tariffs, the benefits of such protection finding their way into the pockets of manufacturers and stockholders, while conditions of the sugar-beet growers and laborers became increasingly worse. Years ago the industry discovered that the drudgery of work in the fields could best be done by Mexican and Russian labor, which could be obtained cheaply. It was the practice of the sugar companies to enlist labor in Mexico and the Southwest, bringing entire families to Colorado for the summer months, returning them later to their homes. They were contracted to farmers, receiving an agreed sum per acre for their services. In order to obtain a partial living, laborers had to contract to take many acres, which necessitated the work of every member of the family in the fields — men, women, and children. After experimentation, it was found to be cheaper to keep the laborers in Colorado during the winter, and the practice of returning them to Mexico was discontinued. Thus began the Mexican relief problem in Colorado.

It was characteristic of Costigan in facing the sugar-beet problem to attack it from the standpoint of the farmer and laborer. In campaigning for the Senate in 1930 he proposed something quite novel — a direct bounty to the growers, giving to them a share of the tariff tax. Farmers were interested, while manufacturers scoffed. The latter were not for his election — he was far too "radical" for them and much too much in favor of lower tariffs. They little dreamed that Costigan's suggestion of 1930 would result in a bill drafted by him in 1933 and adopted by Congress in 1934, which would save the entire industry from collapse just four years after they fought him with every power at their wealthy command.

Once in Washington, Costigan was in a position of having to take cognizance of both the mining and beet-sugar interests and to present their demands to the Congress and the federal government.

An impractical idealist like the writer of this article would have refused to do so and might have introduced a bill providing for the purchase by the government of the beet-sugar industry at a liberal valuation, as an economic parasite, and its being forthwith ended, as one long step toward abolishing the whole sugar tariff and letting the American housewives buy their sugar in the cheapest possible markets. That would have meant the displacement of a large amount of labor and changing the course of the lives of approximately one million people dependent upon the industry.

Costigan, having the official responsibility,



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brought about the passage on May 9, 1934, of the Costigan-Jones sugar law. Under it, Colorado beet-sugar farmers have received benefits increasing their returns per acre by a fraction less than fifty per cent in 1935, as contrasted with 1933, when the largest sugar-beet crop in history was raised. Between February 2, 1935 and September 1, more than twenty thousand sugar "benefit payment" checks were sent to Colorado sugar growers, totaling more than three million dollars. These benefit payments to the farmers are made possible by a processing tax of one half cent a pound on sugar sold in the United States, paid by the companies, when the conversion of sugar beets or sugar cane into sugar takes place, or by the importers, upon the entry of foreign sugar into this country, the objective being to guarantee the farmers a return equal to their "pre-War parity." The interest of the consumer was protected, Costigan felt, because simultaneously with signing the Costigan-Jones bill President Roosevelt signed an executive order reducing the tariff on sugar in an amount equal to the processing tax.

Next, this measure gave to the Secretary of Agriculture power to grant to each sugar-producing region supplying the domestic market a definite quota of that market. The immediate effect was to stabilize a demoralized industry, not only in the Continental United States but also in the insular possessions and Cuba. In order to accomplish its objective it was necessary for the Costigan-Jones act to provide that both beet and cane sugar be recognized as basic agricultural commodities under the AAA.

Whether one agrees with the principle of this legislation or not, no one can deny that it proved the Senator's fertility of resource and his desire to do justice to everyone. The immediate results of this legislation have been a living return to the farmers; increased wages to labor brought about through contracts negotiated by the Secretary of Agriculture; the elimination of child labor, which was one of the basic reforms contained in the act; and an assured market for each sugar-producing area. The criticism made of the law, which will expire on December 31, 1937, are those leveled against all similar use of the processing tax to pay farmers cash to create and maintain artificial prices justifiable only as emergency measures. Thus the late Secretary of the National Beet Growers' Association, J. D. Pancake, declared that

> the sugar industry is in the healthiest condition it has been for years. We now have a government guarantee of parity and a government guarantee of settling disputes over the terms of the beet contract.

As for the Colorado miners, the Roosevelt gold and silver policies have played into the Senator's hands, notably the purchases of silver.

### The Incorruptible

There is no greater expert on the tariff in the country than Edward P. Costigan, for he served eleven years on the United States Tariff Commission, applying his able and thorough mind to its problems throughout that period. But nothing about his service on that commission "became him like the leaving of it." He resigned *voluntarily*. It sounds incredible, but there the fact is.

It is one of the misfortunes of our public life that the habit of resignation is so little established. In England it is one of the safety valves. Men do not hesitate to save their self-respect by freely resigning if their consciences no longer permit them to uphold the policies of their chiefs or of the government. With us resignations are, normally, practically unheard of; at worst one accepts a kicking upstairs or an office "equally as good." But most of the officeholders find it easy to salve their consciences — and to continue to draw their salaries.

Costigan stood intolerable and impossible conditions as long as he could — and then he resigned, clearly, publicly, with a resounding bang. He called men by their right names, denounced at least two Presidents and showed how the whole Tariff Commission had been made the football of politics, the basketball of the protected industries, and the roosting place of several former paid lobbyists who neither could nor desired to hold the scales even and attack the problem in a purely scientific way.

That resignation is a masterpiece. It gives the history of the Commission in a nutshell. It records the Presidential sale of the Commission to the protected interests it was created to control and discipline. It scores, as said, some of the individuals with whom he served and



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reveals, more clearly perhaps than its author intended, how protection corrupts whenever it touches national life. It records how at the end of five years, at a cost of three million dollars, the Commission had made only thirty-two reports to the President under the flexible tariff provisions of the law creating it and had actually reduced the tariffs on only these five articles of profound moment to the country: mill feed; bobwhite quail; paint-brush handles; phenol; and cresylic acid! He showed how in really important cases President Coolidge had refused to act, notably on the sugar tariff (now finally lowered), by stalling, delaying, and sending the Commission's report back to be "restudied." In the case of linseed oil, the President held the Commission's report, calling for a reduced tariff, for *three years!*

> In the face of such continuing offenses, both of omission and commission [wrote Costigan], I have decided to end my official experience. . . . Public service still demands public fidelity. And the ancient right of remonstrance remains. An official witness of law violations, I have successively appealed to the President and to the Congress. One further dissent is in order. I am therefore returning my official commission to the government.

Thus the picture of Costigan of Colorado, lean, gaunt, apparently physically delicate but doing the work of ten ordinary men, obviously unathletic, of dark skin — a heritage of the Iberian part of his Irish, English, and Spanish ancestry. Dark shadows are under his restless eyes — hallmarks of the profound student whose work knows no end and of a conscience that grants no rest. "Scholar," "gentleman," "cultured academician," "literary figure" — these are some of the descriptions pinned to him which one writer declares he is compelled, in Congress, to live down. Would there were more to whom they could be applied!

More and more I find it harder to endure the public misconception of the Senate as a house of talkers only. Nowhere do men work harder or more devotedly than does the senatorial group to which Costigan belongs. Omniscience in small things, eloquence, outspokenness, silence, great administrative skill, the highest constructive talent, tolerance, passion against wrong — these are but a few of the qualities demanded of them, in addition to all the virtues. Few can measure up to what is asked of them, for they are but frail humans after all. None the less, when the roll is called of those who have given their all, their best, without stint, without thought of self or their advancement, in order to serve their country, the name of Edward P. Costigan must stand very high. In his case public service still *does* receive public fidelity.

# Heroine

***A Short Story***

***by* DAVID McCLOUD**

At the sound of voices over the lawn, Grandma Wellbee instinctively hid *Murder at the Swimming Pool* in her sewing bag and picked up her prayer book. Then she changed to her farseeing spectacles and peered through the window. Yes, it was children! And in a few minutes Alma, her married granddaughter, would come to the door and say, "Some little visitors awfully want to hear about Mr. Lincoln," in that ridiculous baby-talk voice she used on such occasions.

The thought made Grandma Wellbee sud-



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denly tired and discouraged: two delegations to hear about Lincoln already this week. Those women from the Daughters of the Civil War and Miss Osgood's Sunday-school class from St. Andrew's in the village. And now *these!* Just as she had reached the part of *Murder at the Swimming Pool* when the Inspector was trying to pin the guilt on Miss Higgins. Grandma had grown very fond of Miss Higgins in the past few days; so fond, in fact, that she had to keep reminding herself that Miss Higgins was only a character in a book. But there was something so nice and sensible about her! She wished she had somebody like her to talk with occasionally, instead of these delegations of children and patriotic ladies.

She looked out the window again. The children were dallying and lagging across the lawn as if they were trying to put off their arrival as long as possible. Grandma Wellbee didn't wonder! Compared with the exciting movies children went to nowadays, the Lincoln story — even the part about the assassination — was as tame as a pussycat. Of late she had felt almost ashamed before the children, and the strain of trying to hold their interest exhausted her. Grownups were much easier. But she knew them, too. Their rapt attention was not upon the story itself — but upon her, Grandma Wellbee, the museum piece who had outlived a whole generation. She was just another of Alma's antiques — creaking and brittle — a thing to be exclaimed over but never touched.

"What a marvelous old lady!" they would exclaim. "What a remarkable memory!"

Pooh, thought Grandma Wellbee. The whole business was ridiculous. After admitting her ninety-five years, her phenomenal good health, and a certain reticent charm that becomes very old ladies, she could boast of nothing else. Even her much-flaunted memory was a fake; Alma fought nobly to keep it a secret — but it was a fake all the same. She really remembered nothing clearly or coherently except the Lincoln reminiscences; but who, after having repeated the same tale twice a week for the past fifty years, could possibly go wrong? She was sick and tired of the whole rigmarole, and in these last remaining years of her life she wanted to have herself to herself; wanted to be left alone in a pleasant confusion of dates and names and sweet, lost voices. But what could she do? After all the years Alma had taken care of her, fed her, she could not, in cold blood, refuse to tell the Lincoln story. It was her only medium of exchange.

She wouldn't mind her one little duty so much if there were someone to laugh it off with; someone like Miss Higgins, for instance, with her seventy years of common sense behind her and her wry humor. How Miss Higgins would laugh at all the inanities of the grownups

*Drawings by Harrie Wood*

around her . . . but then she had to remind herself that Miss Higgins was only a character in a book and that everybody else she ever knew was dead. But never mind, she consoled herself, pretty soon she would join them in a very refined and pleasant Episcopalian heaven, and things would be natural again. She tried to think what Lincoln's faith was. She cautiously hoped he was not an Episcopalian.

## II

THERE WAS a knock at her door and her granddaughter entered.

"Some little visitors are downstairs, Grandma. They most awfully want to hear a story."

"Oh, that's nice," Grandma Wellbee said patiently, automatically.



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"Will you come down, or shall I send them up to see *you?*"

"No. I'll come down." She hoped her voice did not sound too weary. "Who are they, Alma?"

"The little Langdon children. Don't you remember? You met them with their mother the other day. The people who've taken the old Miller place for the summer."

"Oh," Grandma smiled vaguely.

"The Ferris children came along, too. The dears! You know they never tire of hearing your stories."

Story, thought Grandma as she wiped her thin wrinkled lips with a wisp of lawn and lace. "I'll be right down, Alma," she said.

After her granddaughter left the room, Grandma Wellbee took *Murder at the Swimming Pool* from her sewing bag and hid it in the middle bureau drawer, under her stockings. Alma sometimes snooped when she was not in her room, and the book bulged noticeably in her sewing bag. Not that Alma would care in the least if she read detective stories; but still, it was just as well she did not know. To Alma, Grandma was not so much a person as a tradition, and detective stories were *not* in the tradition. So, since she was playing a game with the small world about her, she might as well play it right! Besides, it was fun to have secrets with oneself . . . dangerous and quite exciting little secrets.

As she closed the drawer, Grandma Wellbee thought of Miss Higgins again. How safe Miss Higgins was! Securely hidden within the pages of *Murder at the Swimming Pool.* She wished with all her heart that she were there with her; not a person at all, but a character in a book. For, after all, she was little more than that; the only difference between her and Miss Higgins was that Grandma Wellbee was a "character" walking around in the flesh. And how curious it was that Miss Higgins, a wholly imaginary person, was much more real, much more human than she. Miss Higgins really lived! Grandma Wellbee was no more than a wooden puppet, whose movements, whose voice, even, were under Alma's control. Miss Higgins was a real heroine, Grandma only a passive symbol in the comedy of decay.

It was all very confusing, Grandma Wellbee thought as she cautiously clung to the stair rail. Step . . . step . . . step . . . she was almost down now. She could hear the chatter of children from the porch. She wondered if Miss Higgins had ever been to the White House. But of course not! She had admitted to the Inspector that she had never spent a night away from the estate in the forty years she had been housekeeper for the old man.

Yes, it really looked bad for Miss Higgins. She was the last one seen with the old man; in fact, one of the servants saw her standing with him at the swimming pool, a few minutes before he was shot, engaged in heated conversation. Miss Higgins had testified that they were only arguing about Shakespeare as they had been doing for years — which, of course, nobody but Grandma Wellbee believed. The Inspector had merely sneered. Well, it was barely possible that she *had* killed the old fellow, but, if so, Grandma decided that he deserved it. Perhaps there had been an early romance between them and they had lived together all this time with some dark, terrible secret between them, like a natural son or an insane wife hidden away somewhere on the big estate. As the Inspector pointed out, Miss Higgins carried a muff, one of those round, old-fashioned muffs, in which she easily could have concealed the revolver that killed the old man. . . .

## III

GRANDMA WELLBEE was walking along the lower hall now, and Alma was holding open the screen door, that she might pass with quiet dignity into the presence of the little visitors.

"How do you do, children," Grandma said, emerging softly, timidly.

The little girls curtseyed, and the little boys bowed.

"Come over and sit in the sun, Grandma," Alma said. "It's lovely in the sun."

"I'm afraid it's too warm, Alma. It blinds me," Grandma said with gentle alarm. But she saw the habitual camera in Alma's hand, so she sat in the sun, and Alma arranged the little visitors about her.

"Now all look at Grandma," Alma said.

Six small faces swam and blurred before Grandma's eyes.

"Click," said the camera.

"There," said Alma.

"Now I think I'll move back in the shade," Grandma Wellbee said.



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"If you like, dear," Alma said sweetly, giving her a lifting hand which Grandma did not want.

In a moment they were all settled again: Grandma in a low rocker, the children grouped about her feet, and Alma at the far end of the porch with her book, not quite out of earshot.

For a moment Grandma Wellbee felt dazed and confused. The sun *had* blinded her, and its heat, even in those few moments, had exhausted her. And all these children sitting with their bored, patient eyes brought to her a feeling of abysmal futility and weariness. But she smiled at them — a vague, unfocused smile — and pursed her lips.

"I remember just as well as if it was yesterday the first time I saw Lincoln. My father and I were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue and who should come along. . . ."

The children gave her their polite attention at first. Slowly the flickering before her eyes vanished and, for the first time, she recognized the yellow curls of the oldest Ferris girl and identified the little blackhaired boy as one of the Langdon children.

She told them of her first meeting with the President, described his noble, weary face . . . how he was dressed. At this point she noticed that the two Ferris girls' eyes had strayed away over the lawn to the two setter puppies which were romping underneath the shade of the maples. She did not blame them; they had heard the same words so many times.

But she proceeded patiently, directing her eyes upon the little Langdons. "I remember so well the night the President came to see my father in the dead of night. I had been asleep for hours, when suddenly I was awakened by loud voices in my father's room. I was dreadfully frightened and I rose and. . . ."

The Ferris girls were fighting; and two more of the group were stealing glances at the playing puppies. Grandma made a sharp decision to bring the story to a close. She would not waste any more of her strength upon them. She could skip to the last incident and no one would ever know the difference. . . .

". . . and then came the terrible night in Ford's Theater. I was quite a young lady, and was invited to many state affairs with my father and mother. That night we were in the Postmaster General's party, and our seats were right below the President's box. I was very excited, being so close to him, and once while I was looking up at him he turned his head and recognized Father and the Postmaster General and bowed. I hoped, being just a young girl, that he had noticed my new party dress which father had given me. It was about the prettiest dress I ever had." She smiled at the little girls. "It was of white taffeta, and all around the neck and about the flounces were little bunches of pink-silk rosebuds. And I carried a little nosegay of forget-me-nots with a paper frill and a pink rose right in the center. . . ."

The little dark-haired boy was readjusting the rigging on a toy ship he had brought along. Even the description of her pretty dress had not drawn the little girls back into the flow of her story. They were all fidgeting, fidgeting, except one plain, boyish little girl who sat perfectly still and gazed at Grandma insolently, almost challengingly.

". . . then the lights were turned low and the play began," Grandma went on hurriedly, quite a little nervous under the gaze of the plain little girl. "And suddenly, in the very midst of the play, a shot rang out!" Grandma looked around the circle for the effect of the shot. There was none. The little boy was deeply engrossed in his ship's rigging; the others were making no pretense of listening



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but were openly watching the playing puppies. "A shot rang out!" she repeated.

"And John Wilkes Booth jumped from the President's box to the stage," the plain little girl said in a voice filled with ennui. "My governess told me that story when I was a little girl."

Grandma's lips came together in a straight, hard line. Her eyes flashed. She was in a fury of anger — not so much at the little girl as at Alma and all her hero-worshiping generation, which had made such a fool of her.

"No, he didn't!" she cried in a strange, cracked voice. "There never was any John Wilkes Booth! I killed the President myself. I had a pistol concealed in my nosegay all the time!"

## IV

THE CHILDREN started and came to attention as if she had set off a cannon cracker in their midst; the little girls were slowly, furtively backing away from her. At the far end of the porch Alma had leaped to her feet, and her heels were tapping out an alarmed, if efficient, warning as she swooped down upon them.

Grandma felt suddenly weak and frightened, and her eyes dazzled again as if she had been thrown from darkness into bright sunlight. Alma was taking her gently by the arm and saying in a hushed, apologetic voice to the children, "Grandma gets confused sometimes, my dears." She saw the little black-haired boy grin and make twirley motions with his finger over his head.

Vaguely she sensed the dim, cool hallway, the slow climb up the stairs but inwardly she was living more keenly, more intensely than she had in years. For once she had been the center of things in her own right; she had ceased being a tradition and had lived for a moment in Miss Higgins' world — a place more real than the everyday world of reality. . . .

Then she was lying on her bed, and a motor was roaring down the drive. That would be Alma, going after Dr. Kelly in the village. She chuckled. Undoubtedly they would put her away in an institution for the rest of her life. The prospect fitted in nicely. There would be a good many nice people in the institution — old people like Miss Higgins, with whom she could have a good laugh about the younger generations. What fun it would be telling Miss Higgins how she shot the President with a revolver concealed in her nosegay, just as Miss Higgins had fired at the rich old man from her muff. Her story was even more absurd, she thought, smiling in pleasant anticipation.

In less than a jiffy, it seemed, the motor's brakes shrieked on the drive, and rapid footfalls were on the stairs. Grandma opened her eyes and smiled weakly at Alma, and Dr. Kelly entered the room. Grandma liked Dr. Kelly. He was a nice young man with curly hair and very shrewd, humorous eyes. They always had had a kind of silent understanding, she felt.

Alma was excited and fluttery. "What do you think, Doctor?" she said, before the doctor had time to think anything.

"Well, Grandma, I don't see as you look very sick." And he grinned at her as any normal young man would at any normal old woman. He felt her pulse. "A little fast but as strong as ever," he said reassuringly. "Too much excitement." Then turning to Alma: "I think, at Grandma Wellbee's age, it's a little unwise to let her get overtired with the children."

"Oh, I know, Doctor!" Alma cried, a little hysterically. "I didn't realize. It will never happen again."

Grandma Wellbee was ready to burst with laughter and happiness. "It will never happen again!" She felt as if she couldn't hold in another second and she quickly put her handkerchief to her eyes; she felt herself trembling all over.

"There, there, never mind, Grandma," Alma soothed, patting her shoulder. "You haven't done anything . . . you were overtired and only imagined it —"

Suddenly fearful lest her new-found peace be lost, Grandma sat up quickly and said: "But I did. I shot the President. . . . Really I did, Doctor. Not more than ten minutes ago!"

Alma started gently protesting again. "No, no, my dear, you just —"

At that moment the doctor caught a gleam in Grandma Wellbee's eye that was almost elfish — so sharp and bright and twinkling with humor. So he turned to Alma and said quietly, "Better let her think so." Then, to Grandma, "You certainly did, Grandma. Killed him dead as a doornail!"



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# A Page for Poets

**Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach**
***President, Poetry Society of America***

THIS MONTH I offer for discussion a mélange of verse, good, doubtful, experimental.

### The Skunk

*When the sun has slipped away*
*And the dew is on the day,*
*Then the creature comes to call*
*Men malign the most of all.*

*The little skunk is very neat,*
*With his sensitive, plush feet*
*And a dainty, slim head set*
*With diamonds on bands of jet.*

*He walks upon his evening's duty*
*Of declaring how that beauty*
*With her patterns is not done*
*At the setting of the sun.*

*He undulates across the lawn,*
*He asks nobody to fawn*
*On his graces. All that he*
*Asks is that men let him be.*

*He knows that he is very fine*
*In every clean and rippling line,*
*He is a conscious black and white*
*Little symphony of night.*

**Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

### Saints

*I don't think much of saints. . . .*
*All I have known were sickly —*
*There is a something taints*
*Their blood. It flows too thickly*
*Through their veins. . . . They will look*
*Upon a woman's beauty*
*Unmoved as I upon a book.*
*Warm firm flesh! and they talk, "Duty!"*
*Duty it is to live,*
*To breathe life deeply, bravely,*
*To give and to forgive,*
*To laugh, but face facts gravely. . . .*
*We are upon the earth. . . .*
*God must have had a reason!*
*Why place us here at birth,*
*If living is high treason?*

**Eliot Kays Stone**

### Morning

*Time of silence and opening*
*from darkness (Thoreau's mosquito's cosmic hum:*
*"fertility of the world") and rolled wing,*
*auroral trajectory from the numb*
*hangar of the heart. Before the sun,*
*even, the wakening at light sets*
*rakes ready for perihelion*
*to take in all (prongs not nets*
*hold best) the distinct, coming, or*
*otherwise known grammar of the earth.*
*In silence, for singing birds pour*
*nothing in this hour's elective breath,*
*look at the first sun-arc bold*
*rising, pressing at the deathless cord*
*that broke in Memnon (music to the dole)*
*this only once disturbed and heard*
*light, not even a scale of dawn*
*but only a single setting forth for noon.*

**Millen Brand**

### POETRY BOOK OF THE MONTH

BUILDINGS, by Floyd McKnight (Arts & Press Guild, $1.00).

This is a profoundly moving appeal to all persons who have the courage of responsibility, to leaders great and small, to shear away all shams and postulates and stand on the bedrock of knowledge and individualism. Architects of buildings as well as architects of life are plagued by Ghosts, ghosts of the Parthenon, ghosts of London slums. A meditation for youth in the metrical tradition of Whitman.

### Darky Boy Fishing In Heaven

*Can't you see him, sitting*
*On a sloping gold canal bank,*
*Clothed in his celestial robes of white?*
*Sitting there and fitting*
*Wriggling stars upon his hook-shank*
*Then casting them into a sea of light.*

*Swimming far below him*
*Are the slippery souls of catfish*
*Slowly diving in and out among the clouds,*
*Waves of glory show him*
*Where the biggest shoals of catfish*
*All are waiting to be caught in heavenly crowds.*

*Lazy black boy, dozing*
*On a lofty blazing rafter*
*Of eternity, a halo round his head —*
*"Yo' see now? Life's not closin'*
*When yo' enter the hereafter —*
*The fishin's even better when you're dead."*

**Alice Howey Booth**

### My Name Upon the Sand

*You wrote my name upon the sand,*
*And when I turned and you thought no*
*One saw your hand*
*You wrote again.*

*I saw three strange, familiar words glow*
*Brightly on my name. But then*
*I saw your fingers throw*
*Brown sand upon the words.*

*A soft lake-wind arose, and when*
*It blew across your fragile manuscript*
*You spoke — you spoke the words no pen*
*Or finger ever wrote!*

**Virginia Doss**

### Warning to Cowards

*This woman comes whole.*
*Body and soul —*
*Keep away from her!*
*She is a human being fulfilled;*
*Nothing is killed,*
*Or stilled, in her.*
*Quickening as a windy sea is she —*
*And as little concerned with leniency!*
*She will have you whole.*

**Marion Canby**

### Night Scroll

*How loudly comes the night*
*blackening to blue*
*cricket calling whippoorwill*
*night birds trilling offset thirds*
*thunder in the rushing wonder sprout of earth*
*cymbal crashing moon*
*struck through the xylophone of trees.*

*How softly stands the night*
*silvering to moon*
*low sobs the magical nighting call*
*of thrush, pad and purl now fall*
*hush-hush, all burning orbs stand fixed to see*
*the sailing round light up*
*their sable dome*

**Robert Wynne**



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# POETRY


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## Our Rostrum

MORE ABOUT HAUPTMANN

To the Editor:

. . . I should like to say to Mr. Knight that, if he investigated every murder conviction in his own State for the past twelve months, he would find, if he were as supercritical as in the Hauptmann case, a reason why over ninety-eight per cent of the convictions should be remanded to the trial court for retrial. The Hauptmann case is receiving more than a usual share of publicity, due to the principals in the case, and from my own observation I can truthfully say that the majority of Hauptmann sympathizers or those publicly writing in his behalf, though they claim it is in the name of justice, are really neurotics. I have also discussed this case with experienced observers, and they tell me that the majority of neurotics are Hauptmann sympathizers, while physicians whose practice is not concerned with neurotics tell me that their patients believe justice has been done in the Hauptmann case or will be when he "walks the last mile."

JOHN H. WHITE, *Attorney*
*Borger, Tex.*

To the Editor:

Richard A. Knight's article, "Trial by Fury," brands him as one of that army of hair-splitting, cliché-chanting technicality worshipers that has done more than any other one group to make a farce of justice and to turn this country into a happy hunting ground for gangsters, kidnapers, and murderers. Lawyers of his type look upon the most horrible of crimes with the cold, impersonal interest of kibitzers at a chess game but fly into a tantrum and scream from the housetops at sight of an undotted *i* or an uncrossed *t*. . . .

Let us be eternally grateful for what Mr. Knight so unflatteringly refers to as the "oafish passions" of a "jury of mob-menaced zanies." If the time ever comes when we lose our capacity for "oafish passions" against baby killers, the human race will be about ready for extinction.

WILBUR J. DOWD
*Madison, Conn.*

To the Editor:

. . . In my newspaper today is the story of a man who was arrested for the illegal possession of liquor in his home. The liquor was there, and it was contraband, but the man was discharged because of faulty handling of the search warrant. The judge is quoted as saying, "I couldn't do anything else if I wanted to follow the law." I presume that Mr. Knight would find this quite reasonable, but I do not, nor, I am sure, do many laymen.

In the Hauptmann case, accepting the evidence as to possession of the ransom money, the handwriting, the ladder, the


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# Our Rostrum

several identifications, and the previous record of the defendant, I do not ask myself, "Is there any other hypothesis which can account for the death of the child?" Rather I ask, "Is there anything to indicate that this defendant is not responsible for what happened?" — and, if the answer to that question is "No," I can shrug my shoulders at the grim consequences.

I am sure that Mr. Knight would not want me as a juror. Would he be horrified to know that, while I would not consider it important that the actual death occurred on the premises rather than on an adjoining lot or even in another county, I should be most unfavorably impressed by the previous record of the chief counsel for the defense as regards the type of case he has so frequently defended with success?

Really, lawyers should not complain when, on rare occasions, the involved legal technicalities they so love to invoke fail to function. They succeed often enough.

H. L. SAMMONS
*Department of Instruction*
*Board of Education*
*Cleveland, O.*

To the Editor:

May I congratulate you on the courageous and splendid article — "Trial by Fury"?

Being a newspaperwoman and having followed the trial news closely, I feel, along with many other newspaper people, that the author has summed up the situation honestly and accurately.

HAZEL CARTER MAXON
*Port Washington, N. Y.*

To the Editor:

How can a presumably reputable magazine admit to its columns so intemperate an article as "Trial by Fury"? . . . How can THE FORUM pass such frantic judgments out to reasonable readers? . . .

THOMAS COYLE
*Westhampton Beach, N. Y.*

THE FORUM *does not take sides, except in the Editor's monthly Forewords.*

**SHOULD WE FIGHT FOR IT?**

To the Editor:

To one part of Admiral [William S.] Sims's article ["Freedom of the Seas," January FORUM] no one could reasonably object — the part which points out that neutral trading with belligerents is a potent cause of war.

But Admiral Sims goes much further than merely pointing out the danger. He insists that we should give up the doctrine of "freedom of the seas." Surely this is going to a very great extreme. To my mind, it would not be a reasonable thing to do. It would not be justifiable to do so, except on one assumption. That assumption is that the principal duty of every government is to keep its nation out of war. But that assumption is absurd. Not even within the limits of our own territory do individuals or business organizations or any other organizations make it their principal business to keep out of war (legal war) with people whose interests and activities clash with theirs. Of course, legal war is the only kind of war that conflict of interests causes in a country that is well equipped with courts and policemen.

Admiral Sims assumes that we could stop our neutral trade with belligerents by simply warning our merchants that they would carry on the trade at their own risk! Yet the plain fact is that, at the very time (from 1914 to 1917) when the belligerents were violating our neutrality, our traders were exactly in that position. Our government was not giving our neutral traders any protection whatever. The General Board of the navy urged in an official letter of August 1, 1914, that we should get the navy ready for war to protect our neutrality. But that plea was rejected flatly by President Wilson. So the condition which Admiral Sims speaks of (i.e., traders trading at their own risk) existed in its most perfect form. This proves conclusively that traders will trade with belligerents even at their own risk, if the probable profit be adequate.

BRADLEY A. FISKE
*Rear Admiral (retired) U. S. N.*
*New York, N. Y.*

To the Editor:

If, as William S. Sims says, the U. S. has already fought two wars for the "Freedom of the Seas," then while fighting them we violated every principle of this doctrine as laid down by American statesmen. Colonel E. M. House, who is no more a real colonel than he is a kernel, states very explicitly what is meant by the "Freedom of the Seas" in an article published in *Liberty* last summer; it means an absolute, unrestricted neutral trade in time of war, something we have never allowed in our own wars. It also means that a blockade must be maintained within the three-mile limit, which is the limit of absurdity; we should never have won the Civil War if we had lived up to this rule. Can you imagine England, in a war with Italy, allowing neutral vessels to traverse the Mediterranean, not knowing whether or not they were carrying arms and ammunition to the enemy, or attempting a blockade within the three-mile limit where they could be blown out of the water by Italian guns?

Voltaire once said: "Before you discuss a subject with me, please define your terms." Your author would have been

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# Our Rostrum

wiser if he had told your readers what he means by "Freedom of the Seas," a phrase which may have a dozen different meanings.

WALTER BALL

*Leonia, N. J.*

To the Editor:

When someone says that the country fought two wars for freedom of the seas, I do not think that is quite historically accurate.

The War of 1812 was primarily a war of conquest, to expand into Canada.

The war of 1917 was entered because the Americans, never having been neutral, never having intended to be neutral, brought down on themselves reprisals that gave them the excuse they had been awaiting to join the Allies.

The object of a belligerent is to control the seas. That control yields him, first, the rich monopoly of trading with the enemy; second, the opportunity so to extend belligerent activities as to take by force neutral trade away from neutrals. These are not only profitable ends in themselves; they are means to making all the seas the area of blockade.

To call neutral trade essentially inhuman and bloodstained is merely hysteria. Ten years from now, when the Americans and Japanese have drained our continental oil fields, suppose the Americans are at war: how will the Americans feel to have somebody shut off their importations of gasoline, rubber, tin, nickel, manganese, chromium, calling such trade in raw materials inhuman and bloodstained? This sort of characterization cannot be found in all the centuries of records of international relations or in any of the works of the world's greatest moral teachers. It is of the nature of name calling as an excuse for the new idea of refusing to protect property from international bandits in order to gain immunity from having to assert the country's rights.

Insistence upon freedom of the seas does not mean war, if the ruling powers understand strategy. Violations of belligerent rights are diminished when the belligerent knows that he will be called to arbitration. Yielding to belligerent excesses invites greater excesses and impositions. The Jay treaty of Washington's administration yielded indemnities. John Adams' armed neutrality put an end to depredations of the French navy from 1798 to 1800. Defense of commerce and shipping against belligerent-sea-power depredations is never a task for the army. It is purely a maritime operation.

Insistence on freedom of the seas is nothing more than insistence on independence. Any proposition that neutral trade must be at the risk of the trader and that our navy must not be used to protect neutral trade is merely an abject surrender to foreign sea power; for a people, by protecting its trade, protects its home territory. When you surrender this to foreign sea power you run your navy in behind your three-mile limit. Belligerent sea power then will be off your coast raiding your coastwise commerce and navigation, your trade with the West Indies and South America.

That school of thought that would vassalize our country to the powers dominating the League of Nations and accept those powers' designation of aggressor would subordinate American peace to the secret diplomacy of European powers, which, as we have read in the Baldwin-Laval proposals, indicates that the League is a political coalition subject to the interests of the great powers. This vassalizing our country to the great powers of Europe would not prevent wars; it would simply put our country into Asiatic wars, Mediterranean wars, and Central European wars, probably into all three at the same time. International order is not advanced by helping to swell a colonial operation into a world war. International order is advanced by keeping America out of foreign quarrels.

W. W. PHELPS

*Rear Admiral (retired) U. S. N.*

*New York, N. Y.*

### ARE WE NEUROTIC?

To the Editor:

The question which was apparently given Dr. [Alfred] Adler ["Are Americans Neurotic?" January FORUM] to answer was one which did not admit of an answer except perhaps by saying that some Americans are and some are not neurotic. It is a foolish question as it stands at the head of the article. Dr. Adler quite properly dodged it and made some effort to answer the question whether the proportion of the American population which is neurotic is especially great. But he found no way of answering this question either, and probably no one could give a scientific answer.

When Dr. Beard of New York, about 1868, coined the name "neurasthenia" for a neurotic condition which he found and was able to help medically to a certain extent, the first reaction of the Europeans was to speak of neurasthenia as an "American disease." But they soon found plenty of cases, at home in their several countries, which answered to Beard's description. It would be all but impossible to prove or disprove a national difference in the prevalence of such conditions.

R. S. WOODWORTH

*Department of Psychology*

*Columbia University*

*New York, N. Y.*

### ITALY AND SANCTIONS

*William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, has prepared the*

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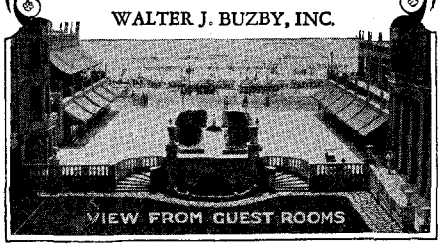


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# Our Rostrum

*following statement of the Federation's position on the question raised by Baron Pompeo Aloisi in the December* FORUM, *in his article, "America Plays with Fire."*

The application of sanctions to a nation is a very serious matter. It can be justified only upon the ground of extreme necessity. The opinion of mankind would not approve or give support to the application of sanctions to a nation for any light or unjustifiable reason.

When we consider the well-nigh universal approval of sanctions to Italy in the aggressive war which she is carrying on against Ethiopia, we immediately understand that the people throughout the world regard the Italian-Ethiopian conflict as a very serious matter.

There is no doubt but that the overwhelming preponderance of public opinion throughout the entire world supports the League of Nations in the application of sanctions against Italy. The members of the League of Nations have no other recourse under Article XVI of the Covenant of the League of Nations. They were obligated to apply sanctions to a belligerent nation which refused to accept the good offices of the League of Nations in the settlement of a dispute.

Italy was under obligations as a member of the League of Nations to give approval to and to observe the Article of the Covenant of the League of Nations just referred to. Regrettable as it may seem, the application of sanctions to Italy seems thoroughly justifiable and necessary in order to limit and reduce the effect of war and to force its termination as speedily as possible.

### Science and Religion

To the Editor:

. . . My comment [see "Science and Religion," by Boshi Sen, December FORUM] would be that in so far as Hinduism is not bound by static dogma but conceives of religion as a development, intellectually, emotionally, ethically, it is on the right path. I would, however, perhaps quarrel with one point of Mr. Sen's — he says religion is the pursuit of the One. Is it not rather the pursuit of the United? There is a very real difference between them.

JULIAN HUXLEY

*London, England*

### Successful Women

To the Editor:

I have read with keen interest the article by Dr. Margaret Mead on "Sex and Achievement" [November FORUM]. The angle of approach is new and thought-provoking and therefore a distinct contribution to this age-old discussion. I am not, however, wholly in accord with her conclusions.

Take as the thesis the quotation, ". . . either she proclaims herself a woman and therefore less an achieving individual or an achieving individual and therefore less a woman." Had this statement been made at the turn of the century there would, perhaps, have been little evidence to controvert it. But now, just when we are emerging from one of the longest economic depressions in history, through which countless men have come to rely upon women in their families to carry their full weight of economic responsibility, a new understanding of the changed position of women, since the industrial revolution and the rapid development of mechanized equipment, appears to have dawned upon an awakened world. Love will not be denied, and, with enforced acceptance of woman as an individual in her own right, a new standard of her desirability as the object of man's affections has come to be established. And as a by-product of this economic adjustment it would appear that women have come to expand their ideas of achievement on the part of men. Certainly, the all too common experience of a "man without a job" has not made his position as a lover untenable.

A tooth for a tooth; in proportion as woman has been gaining the right both to achieve and remain a woman, man has entrenched his right to remain masculine, even though he has given no substantial evidence of achievement.

MINA M. BRUÈRE

*New York, N. Y.*

### Forces vs. Froth

To the Editor:

That was a stimulating article ["The Danger of the High Hat," November FORUM] by Miss [Eleanor R.] Wembridge. It is a very brilliant way of saying, as Billy Sumner proved in his monumental works (which by the way have not received half the recognition they deserve) that folkways are the real forces of human society and not deans, college presidents, editors, politicians, etc. We are the froth that is simply thrown up by the human cauldron. . . .

HAMILTON HOLT, *President*
*Rollins College*
*Winter Park, Fla.*

### Felix Adler Letters

*A Life and Letters of Dr. Felix Adler is being prepared by his wife and daughter. Anyone having any letters in his possession is requested to send them to Miss Eleanor H. Adler, who will greatly appreciate the use of them and will have copies made and the originals returned without delay. Miss Adler's address is 3902 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, Riverside, N. Y.*

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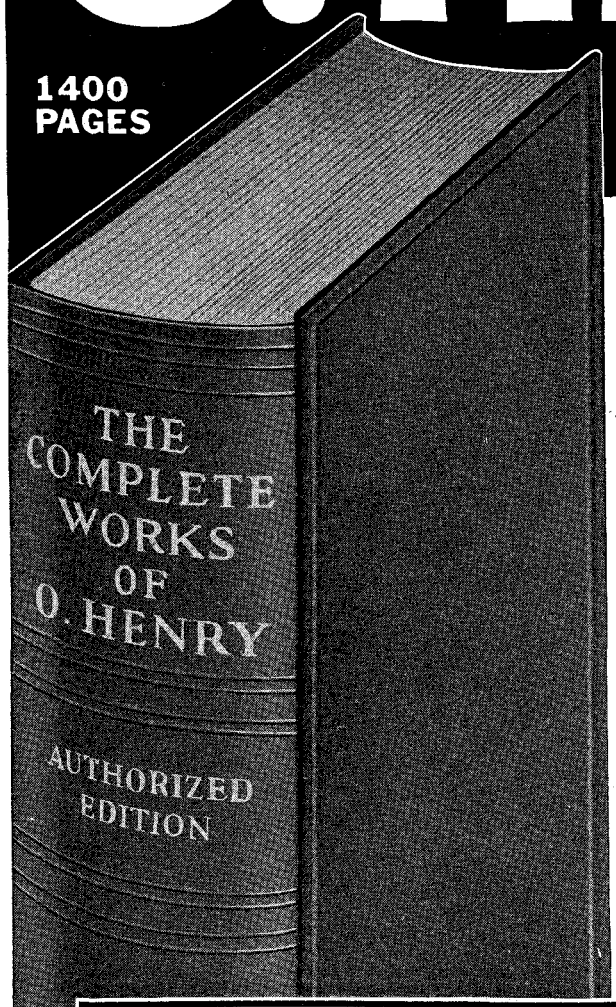


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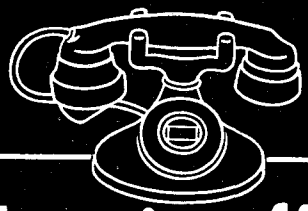

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***and Century***

**HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor***


# *Next Month*

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## THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

*Salvador de Madariaga*

"The average American knows by instinct when a machine must be scrapped. . . . But he is utterly incapable of seeing that the Constitution of the country must be radically changed." The question of substantial Constitutional revision promises to be a bitter one before long, and perhaps we should do well to look at this opinion of a distinguished and disinterested foreigner.

## GEORGE W. NORRIS

*Oswald Garrison Villard*

This article, the second in Mr. Villard's series on "Pillars of Government," is a penetrating analysis of those qualities which have made Senator Norris, prime mover in the TVA program, such a devoted public servant.

## CURIOSA FROM THE COW COUNTRY

*Guy G. Stevens*

Those who read Dr. Stevens' engaging discursions in the December, 1934, FORUM on the travails of a veterinarian will look forward to another article from his pen.

## WHY HITLER LASTS

*Ethan Colton*

Are the German people solidly behind der Führer, or is he menaced by revolutionary intrigues? What is the danger of an economic crisis causing his downfall? Is the unity of his party seriously threatened by class dissension? Where is his main strength? His greatest weakness? These and many other questions are answered by Dr. Colton in this comprehensive survey.

## THE "SIXTH SENSE"

*Gabriel Farrell*

It is a well known fact that the blind develop an amazing ability to "sense" the presence about them of inanimate objects as well as other persons. But is this really a "sixth sense" or is it a miraculous increase in the acuteness of the normal means of perception? The author is Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind and has exhaustive data at hand to support his statements.

## THE MENTAL UNDERWORLD

*Upton Sinclair*

Science, preoccupied with things that can be weighed and measured, has cast a stigma on research in mental phenomena by its neglect. But the mass of evidence leaves no doubt that many of the things on which science turns its back do take place. The determination of the exact relationship of the physical to the mental is what remains to be studied.

## OTHER FEATURES

A debate on the place of consumer co-operation in the American economy; "Heaven Is in Harlem," an article on the strange activities of Father Divine, by Sutherland Denlinger; another of Mary M. Colum's articles on current literary topics, discussing this time some of the newest output of the publishers; "A Reasonable Place to Live In," by Sinclair Lewis; a paper in which Ludwig Lewisohn offers a defense of that much-abused characteristic of the average human — the acquisitive instinct.


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# LIFE AND LITERATURE

## *Best Sellers, 1935*

### BY MARY M. COLUM

IT IS FAIR to assume that the best sellers in any country, in any year, are a passably accurate gauge of the intellectual, emotional, moral, and imaginative interests of the average reader. But to assume, as some critics do, that they are also a gauge of the interests of the bulk of the nation is a misconception. For, except in odd communities, the bulk of the people neither buys nor reads books.

To start with, the average reader is by no means the average person: he is the exceptional member of the population, one of a minority. If we take a look at the titles of the best sellers for 1935 — T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*, Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, Anne Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*, Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, Alexis Carrel's *Man the Unknown*, Clarence Day's *Life with Father*, James Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, we cannot help the belief that the mentality of the average reader is a high-class one and that his taste is liberal and large-minded. With such an index, there is no reason why any author should not be proud to be a best seller and to enjoy the favor of the average reader. In fact, one may fairly conclude that it would be difficult in our time for any outstanding book, no matter how unusual, to miss appreciation by a fairly large number of readers. That is, it would be difficult unless the book were poetry, for not a single volume of poetry, to my knowledge, has ever appeared on a best-seller list since such lists began to be compiled (a possible exception occurs to me — Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Tristram*).

However, it is clear that only a small minority of that minority that reads books at all reads poetry. Why this should be so is hard to understand. Is it owing to some defect in early training? Is it due to the fact that poetry for the most part is taught in schools and colleges by people who have no great appreciation of it? Some critics hold that it is because modern poetry has no relation to modern life. But a great deal of poetry in every age had very little to do with the life of the age. No literature, even prose literature, is necessarily about contemporary life or need have much relation to contemporary life. Can it be that poetry as a means of expression is not suited to this particular age? Or is it because poetry, being a distillation of literature, cannot be read constantly and in large quantities and that it needs for its setting a tranquillity which we can seldom have in modern life? It is not that it needs mental training to an unusual degree, for it requires a more unusual mental training to read a book like the widely read *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* than to read most of the volumes of poetry published.

But if the best sellers are a gauge of the intellectual interests of the average reader only, how are we to find out what are the literary interests of the nation as a whole? One had best, to do this, ignore the book sales and devote oneself to a study of the magazines. For, when the average person reads anything at all besides the newspapers, he reads the five- and ten-cent magazines, and one must devote oneself not only to the higher five- and ten-cent magazines but to the cheaper ones that are on display on newsstands and in drugstores. The very names of these are unknown to the average reader of books — *The Silver Screen, The Blue Book, The Love Fiction Monthly, The Dime Western Magazine, Horror Stories, Phantoms*, etc. The extent to which these and similar titles represent the reading of the bulk of the population is not at all realized, yet I can vouch from a perusal of them that they are not, in small doses, unentertaining; the objection to them is a mental and moral one, in as much as they seem to be the products, at the same time, of an elementary and an abnormal mentality such as one might find in certain dementia-praecox cases: the addict to them not only is given a false view of life, but must become incapacitated for any serious reading, any sound estimate of life, and even for any important experiences.

#### MEDITATIONS OF A SCIENTIST

BUT LET US return to the books read by the elite in 1935. Of these the bulk of the nonfiction was more exciting and entertaining than the bulk of the fiction. Of the nonfiction I think the two most extraordinary books were *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and *Man the Unknown*. The first, which has already been treated in this department, was an epic — that is, in this unlikely age when we thought that the old saga emotions and happenings were dead and done with, we had them appearing as a side event in the last war. And not only did we have them appearing, but taking part in them was the very man who could recognize them and translate them all into heroic expression, a man who was not only a leader in battle but a master of the written word.

*Man the Unknown* is an extraordinary book in spite of its puerilities, in spite of the combination of the most mature ideas

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## Life and Literature

with the most immature, the most profound with the most platitudinous. With a little more care on the part of the writer, with a little less conviction that everything he had to say was of equal importance, and with a little advice from some practiced and serious writer, *Man the Unknown* might have been made a book of long-lasting interest. It is full of information and full of wisdom; it probably contains within its covers the greater part of all that is known, physically and mentally, concerning man; it is a sort of outline of knowledge of man. That such a book should exhibit a mind that is a cross between that of a village curé, a Sinclair Lewis Rotarian, and a man of profound insight into the needs of humanity is a sidelight upon modern civilization.

While possessing great power of criticizing and assessing the damaging effects of facets of our civilization, Dr. Carrel is apparently without any power of criticizing the operations of his own mind, out of which there comes, with equal readiness, a piece of sheer nonsense side by side with a piece of remarkable wisdom and pages of writing which one might expect from a columnist in a Middle Western farm magazine and which are absolutely astounding coming from one of the recognized scientists of our time, a Nobel Prize winner. As with so many other outstanding figures of our civilization, his is a lopsided mind, and Dr. Carrel himself is an example of what he deplores in modern pursuits — the specialist, the man of one-sided training who does not understand much outside his own field. But it would be a great loss if some of the more foolish statements in the book held back experts in other branches of knowledge from reading it, for it has many memorable pages.

Like all the writing doctors, the author of *Man the Unknown* thinks he knows more about subjects outside his own special province than he really does. He informs us that he has observed practically every form of human activity and that the circumstances of his life have led him across the path of every sort of person, including philosophers, artists, poets, scientists, heroes, and saints. Observing every form of human activity and every kind of person is, however, a long way from comprehending them. And is it not surpassingly odd that a scientist, trained in careful observation, in accurate calculations, in careful testing of observed data, should make slapdash statements like, "In France the populations of the north are far superior to those of the Mediterranean shores." Or to say that "the most highly civilized races, the Scandinavians, for example, are white and have lived for many generations in a country where the atmospheric luminosity is weak during a great part of the year." Or that "the part of women in the progress of civilization is higher than that of men." Or, "Love stimulates the mind when it doesn't attain its object." These statements, with an inexactness foreign to the scientific mind and training, display an intellectual naïveté surprising to the literary-minded reader. Many of the dicta of Dr. Carrel about the mind would seem incredible to artists and poets: such pronouncements as, "our mind which loves the simple beauty of mathematical formulas," and, "Our mind is so constructed as to delight in contemplating simple facts." In making these statements it is obvious that he is considering a particular kind of mind, that with which he himself is endowed, the scientific mind.

And yet, with all such slapdash philosophy, *Man the Unknown* is not only highly interesting but highly important, because it mobilizes in one volume and out of one mind the most salient criticisms that could be made against our civilization and because it puts forward the soundest suggestions for curing its ills. Many of us have suspected that the Great War and the financial collapse came from the same cause — unconscious forces urging man to rebellion against a civilization that does not suit him and because "it was erected without any knowledge of our real nature." We are convinced and impressed by his explanation of the failure of our modern civilization. "It was born from the whims of scientific discoveries, from the appetites of men, their illusions, their theories, and their desires. Although constructed by our efforts, it is not adjusted to our size and shape."

Now how can civilization be adjusted to our size and shape? Dr. Carrel offers some interesting suggestions. "We need an institution capable of providing for the uninterrupted pursuit for at least a century of investigation concerning man . . . an organization capable of conceiving and planning the future." But who are the men who would compose this institution, form this organization? Being a doctor and a scientist, Dr. Carrel thinks they should be doctors and scientists who would spend their lives in an uninterrupted study of all the sciences of man; then, at about the age of fifty they would be able effectively to plan the future. In the meantime these gifted individuals who had devoted themselves to humanity would have had to renounce the common modes of existence. Aye, there's the rub. If they renounced the common modes of existence, however could they understand human nature? Man would be an abstraction to them like the Rousseauan Man or the Economic Man. Wouldn't it be better if this high court, this institution, this "immortal brain" were composed, say, of artists and writers who had lived more profoundly the common life of

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## Life and Literature

men than the common man himself and who knew it intensively? They could be assisted by these savants who did all the studying in a vacuum separated from the common lot.

Very important, indeed, are Carrel's conclusions that we have too many analysts and not enough synthesists, too many specialists and not enough all-round experts who know a subject thoroughly, a state of affairs which he especially notes in his own subject, medicine. But it is true of practically all modern pursuits. It is very true of literature, in which the specialist is frequent and the all-round expert rare. In literature the all-round expert differs from Dr. Carrel's expert in science and medicine in that, though it would take him also about twenty or twenty-five years to know his subject and all connected with it, part of his knowledge would have come from his having lived the common lot, and there is where he would be superior to Dr. Carrel's doctor-scientists.

### A Satirist Out of Place

The "uniformity in mental and moral weaknesses" which Carrel finds in the metropolitan life of the modern world another Nobel Prize winner, Sinclair Lewis, satirizes in *It Can't Happen Here*. It is a question whether this writer is a novelist at all: if he is, he is only very seldom a novelist; one can find in his books a distant resemblance to Voltaire, to Swift, even to Rabelais — to all those writers who were not creators of character but satirists. Satirists have no need to create character, no need for any great fictional or poetic imagination; their personages are only figures which they dress up in the characteristics they want to satirize. We remember all the subjects, all the facets of life that Sinclair Lewis has satirized but do we really remember a single personage in his books? Some of my readers will, no doubt, answer, "Yes, Babbitt," but did Babbitt ever become wholly alive? Was he anything but the ensemble of the Philistinism, the Rotarianism, the immaturity that Lewis had the urge to satirize?

If Sinclair Lewis' mind had been nursed on Voltaire and Candide, on Swift and Gulliver, instead of H. G. Wells and imitations of Flaubert, he would, I think, have found his métier with more exactness, found the adequate outlet for the anger, the indignation, the humor, the gusto in seeking out the follies of man which is what has aroused and attracted his following. He has moments when he suggests all the great satirists, all the extravagantly amusing mockers of the follies of mankind, but the one sort of writer he does not remind us of is the

(*Continued on page IX*)


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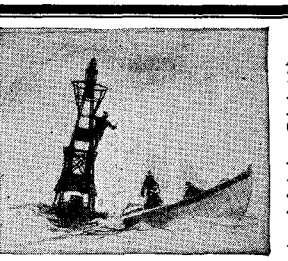

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